THE FORTNIGHTLY

AUGUST, 1937

EUROPEAN STAMPEDE.

BY PERTINAX.

BRITISH and French diplomacy are not entitled to derive any satisfaction from the turn taken by international affairs during the last twelve months. Whoever attempts to draw a balance-sheet, unless he is ready to take catchwords from the diplomatic mint at their face value, cannot avoid recording the existence of a formidable deficit.

On the one hand, it is true, Franco-British co-operation has developed into a regular defensive alliance as far as the European frontiers of France and Great Britain are concerned, a defensive alliance which will remain in force, at any rate, until Germany has been persuaded to agree to the elaboration of a Treaty of Locarno No. 2. Moreover, British rearmament goes speedily forward, especially on the sea and in the air, and the French army has been brought to a high pitch of efficiency. Since the end of the war, the two nations of Western Europe have never been so closely united together nor have wielded such a huge material force. Every day that passes steadily increases it.

But, in striking contrast with those favourable developments, the influence of the governments of Paris and London over the continent, taken, as a whole, is undoubtedly, in marked regression.

As a result of the clandestine mode of warfare that has developed in Spain between the great European Powers superimposed upon the local revolution and counter-revolution, no less than 60,000 or 70,000 Italian "volunteers," with the adjunction of some 7,000 or 8,000 Germans, have taken a foothold in the peninsula, and they are not counterbalanced by the two thousand Russian engineers, mechanics, drivers of tanks and airmen, or by the rump of the once numerous international brigade: it is no exaggeration to speak of the invasion of Spain by the soldiers of the German-Italian coalition. We shall

revert to the Spanish problem, the most urgent of all, after a complete survey of Franco-British shortcomings on the Continent.

Belgium, which for all practical purposes the ally of France and Great Britain under the old treaty of Locarno and the "Locarnian agreement" of March 19, 1936, completed by the Letter of the British Government sent to Paris and Brussels on April 1st, has thought fit to give up that bond and, henceforward, to pursue a policy of "free neutrality." She has promised the Western Powers to fight rather than to allow Germany to send troops across her territory, to maintain an adequate army and to conform to her obligations under the League Covenant: but that does not mean perhaps as much as it would seem, since, as things are today, every member-State of Geneva remains free to interpret that text according to its own judgment. On the assumption that Germany would direct an attack on her Eastern neighbours and be content, in the West, to stand on the defensive, the Belgian Government would probably disinterest itself in the struggle, and the French and British military power, if set in motion, would be bottled up within the limits of a narrow front of some 240 kilometres where it could not easily expand with efficiency. That adverse development has arisen out of the Franco-British acquiescence, last year, in the suppression, by Adolf Hitler of the demilitarized zone of the Rhineland, its ensuing fortification by the Reichswehr, and the despondency felt among the elements of the Belgian population which, hitherto, had counteracted the flamingants.

The League of Nations has not recovered from the terrible blow of the Abyssinian crisis. That crisis has taught the whole world that, as enforced against an aggressor, economic sanctions were of little use unless the member-States were ready to back them, at any moment, with military action. In 1936, Article XVI. of the Covenant was construed to mean that, whereas military repression is left to the discretion of respective governments, immediate economic repression is compulsory for all. But, once it has been proved by past experience that no clear-cut line can be drawn between those two sets of forcible measures and that they are interdependent, is it possible to resist the conclusion that they

cannot be placed in different categories ? Both will have to be made the subject of a strict obligation, or every government will regard itself as free to shape its conduct on the view it takes of its national interest. The Dutch government has already availed itself of the opportunity to declare in parliament that it would carry out economic sanctions only in so far as they were not likely to involve it in a conflict. The point is that what was not in dispute, two years ago, the compulsory nature of the obligation of concerted economic pressure against the Power that makes itself guilty of an act of war, has now been thrown into a controversy of which we shall probably not see the end in the near future. What view was expressed on the fundamental point by the British Dominions in the recent Imperial Conference ? We are not privileged to know. What is certain is that everywhere the spirit of neutrality which the League of Nations was intended to exorcise has returned with a vengeance.

For years, the Yugoslav and Rumanian governments, not to mention the Turkish, had vainly begged France to add to her commitments beyond the treaty with Czechoslovakia and to enter into a pact of mutual assistance *erga omnes*—with them all. But the French government demurred to that request and insisted that the League Covenant was a sufficient substitute. Today, we are confronted by the fact that the offer of that pact, made, at last, by the Quai D'orsay, last November, has been shelved if not rejected. And this at a time when the League cannot be relied upon to play its part !

It means that Yugoslavia and Rumania do not believe any longer that, for them, the line of maximum safety lies in the direction of the Western Powers. To say the least, they are sitting on the fence. The treaties concluded by Yugoslavia with Bulgaria and Italy, the negotiations begun by Rumania with Italy and Poland (the latter directed against Russia) and the kind of welcome given in Belgrade to Herr von Neurath, can hardly be reconciled with the moral solidarity *vis à vis* pangermanism which, up till two years ago, was of more importance to the Little Entente and to the Balkan Entente, than the written clauses for the eventual defence of the Treaties of Trianon andNeuilly, their legal substance. All those once enthusiastic devotees of the French connection and of the League, are

inclined to take shelter in a separatist policy, in a series of shifty arrangements.

On May 2nd, 1935, with the approval of Great Britain and, let it be recalled, of Italy, France signed a treaty of military and political co-operation with Soviet Russia. For two reasons: to put a stop to the German-Russian association of Rapallo (April, 1922) which, if continued, would have enabled the *Reichswehr*, in time of war, to draw upon the raw materials and agricultural resources of Russia; and to relieve the national states in Central Europe of the deadly pressure which could not fail to be brought to bear upon them by the conjunction of the German *Reich* and of the huge Slav Empire. The prospects were, at that time, that an Eastern "front" would be brought into existence to hold in check pangermanism and that a network of defensive treaties would be woven little by little. Indeed, Russia pushed the Turkish Government into the Balkan entente (1933-34), she conceded to M. Titulesco, the *de facto* recognition of Rumanian sovereignty over Bessarabia and, on the 16th of May, 1935, she signed with Czechoslovakia a treaty which ran on the same lines as the Franco-Soviet treaty of two weeks before, on the assumption that active preparations would be made or, to say the least, a resolute policy adhered to by all governments concerned. But, on the one hand, the French Government has to avoid any step that might estrange from it or even disturb British public opinion and, on that account, the drafting of a Franco-Russian military protocol has been indefinitely postponed. On the other hand, MM. Stalin and Litvinov steadily refuse to put the General Staff of the red army in touch with the Czecho-Slovak General Staff unless France should be a party to the technical *pourparlers*. Therefore, here again, Geneva would be called upon to supply a common ground. The disintegration of the League blocks the way. Of late, through throwing doubts upon the solidity of the Stalinian dictatorship and upon the nature of its relations with the red army, the executions of the seven generals in Moscow have placed an additional handicap upon the eventual working of the system of collective security. Were a German attack to be made upon Czechoslovakia tomorrow, the French and British governments would have to reach vital decisions in the dark.

The foreign minister of Poland, Colonel Beck, makes the most of all the above-mentioned circumstances to move ahead with his diplomacy of association with pangermanism which was expressed for the first time in the German-Polish declaration of January 26th, 1934. That the Polish Government should have striven to relieve the German Polish tension consequent upon Adolf Hitler's accesssion to supreme power is quite intelligible, and no reproach could fairly be addressed to it on that account. But that Poland should make herself the zealous and enterprising servant of pangermanism; that she should have begun a diplomatic and a press campaign of unmatched violence against Czechoslovakia within a week of the signature of the Polish-German declaration; that the head of her ministry of foreign affairs should frequently allude, in private talks, to the death-sentence to be followed by the partition of the territory which must unavoidably befall the government of Prague; that he should have remained passive and indifferent when Chancellor Dollfuss was murdered; that he should encourage Hungarian revisionism and instruct his envoy to Rumania, Mr. Arcicevzki, to co-operate with the Iron Guards and openly assail and undermine M. Titulesco : in short, that Polish diplomacy, as conducted today, should endeavour to build the road along which ultimately the *Drang nach Osten* will thrust, points to the existence, between Berlin and Warsaw, of a far-reaching complicity. That complicity can only be explained by designs entertained in common about the disposal of the spoils of Soviet Russia. It is significant, on that account, that, for the last few months, the constant objective of Colonel Beck has been to induce King Carol of Rumania to extend the old military conventions against Russia which, hitherto, have been only of a defensive character and, in the time of M. Titulesco, had been practically sterilized—and, furthermore, to remodel them in such a manner as to make them serviceable against Czechoslovakia. The coalition that is now taking shape in Central Europe has its spearhead turned towards the East and not towards the West. What a change has occurred since that famous dinner in Geneva, on the 18th January, 1935, when all the delegates of the Little Entente and of the Balkan Entente were at one in vehemently criticizing M. Laval because he wasted

too much time in coming to terms with Moscow ; the position has been entirely reversed. Of the men who attended that dinner, M. Titulesco has been curtly dismissed notwithstanding the approval bestowed upon his policy by the King on so many occasions ; M. Fotitch, the Yugoslav representative, has been removed to the far distant Washington legation ; M. Politis, the Greek Minister in Paris is kept there on sufferance by the dictatorship of General Metaxas and does not dare open his mouth.

Fascist Italy proceeds along the same line, but it is not so necessary to enlarge on the subject, as the facts are well known to the British public. It is enough to recall that, as a consequence of her Abyssinian victory, Signor Mussolini has joined hands with Adolf Hitler, that he has given up the least pretence of protecting independent Austria, that he is doing his utmost to destroy the Little Entente and to bring about the isolation of Czechoslovakia. He has practically withdrawn from Central Europe and looks for Tunis and Egypt as his allotted share in the profits of the partnership. In all those respects, the interview he had with Chancellor von Schuschnigg, at the beginning of May, was illuminating.

Such is the balance-sheet that we have to face when we look at the European situation and try to discover the true meaning of the moves that succeed each other on the diplomatic chessboard. The French and British governments have to pay the price for the oscillations and the helplessness they have shown in their conduct towards Germany and Italy during the last two years. It would be futile to apportion responsibilities between them. It was within their power to prevent Adolf Hitler, in March, 1935, from unilaterally denouncing the military clauses of the Treaty of Versailles after he had been invited to enter into a negotiation, intended to have them revised in return for the enforcement of guarantees for the protection of peace. It was within their power to stop the Italian expedition to Abyssinia as Marshal di Bono candidly confesses in his memoirs. It was, at any rate, open to the Laval cabinet unreservedly to support Great Britain in that juncture and secure from her a pledge that the Locarno issue, if raised by Hitler, would be met by adequate measures. On March 6th, 1936, when the German *Führer* ordered the *Reichswehr* to garrison the Rhineland and overcame the objec-

tions of the German General Staff which considered that, in no case, could the *Reich* afford to incur the risk of a conflict, it was still possible for Paris and London to redeem by one single stroke all the faults of the recent past. That long string of opportunities has been wasted. No wonder that the present impulse of most European states should be to seek salvation in all sorts of bargains with both dictators. Somehow, Soviet Russia still holds fast. In France as in Great Britain, many people infer from her resistance to Berlin that she had better be left well alone and that, after all, a Russo-German war would keep the Hitlerian *Reich* busy for a long period in Central and Eastern Europe to the intense relief of Western Europe which, afterwards, might find the exhausted victor more amenable to the requirements of Continental Peace. But the trouble is that, if the best observers are to be trusted, Stalin, rather than have to fight and jeopardize his dictatorship, would not hesitate to resume the Rapallo policy of association with Germany which he could more easily accomplish than is commonly thought through sacrificing the *Komintern*, root and branch, to the ire of the German prophet. If such a reconciliation of Germany and Russia were to take place, all the mineral resources and foodstuffs of the major part of Europe would become available to the totalitarian states; just what they need to complete their warlike preparations, improve the very poor standard of life of their subjects, bolster up public opinion and lessen general discontent, perhaps the barrier to their wildest schemes at the present hour. Without any stretch of imagination, it can be foretold that the democratic nations of the West might, then, be quickly compelled to wage war *pro aris et focis* on one single front.

It is against that background that the Spanish conflict must be re-evoked now with all its implications. It is absurd to assign to Soviet Russia a decisive part in the sequence of events. During the whole month of August, last year, Stalin remained indifferent to the fate of the Spanish communists, outnumbered by anarchists, Trotzkyists, socialists and syndicalists of all description. When he was stirred out of his passivity and forwarded the airplanes and tanks which probably saved Madrid, last November, his motive was not so much to help in the creation of a Soviet in Spain—he is intelligent enough not to have ever dreamed of it—

than to maintain the Third International, the weapon he wants to have in hand against Germany. Last December, when Soviet diplomacy seemed about to be carried off its feet and, following upon the sinking of merchantships, threatened to have Russian cargoes convoyed by submarines, a decision fraught with dangerous consequences, the French Government remonstrated with it and, without any great difficulty, secured the abandonment of that policy. Russia's meddling in Spanish affairs, although rather showy at the time M. Rosenberg was ambassador there, was never very extensive : at the most, two thousand engineers, mechanics and airmen were dispatched to the peninsula, and the intervention of Rome and Berlin preceded it by several weeks. It is too easily forgotten that on the 28th of July, 1936, four Caproni aeroplanes staffed with officers and non-commissioned officers of the Italian army had the bad luck to land or to be wrecked on the wrong side of the border between Algeria and Spanish Morocco. Mr. Peyrouton, the high commissioner in Rabat, personally cross-examined those men whose names and military ranks were indicated in papers found on board. They all declared that they had been recruited from various units of the Italian air forces at the beginning of July and had received their final instructions on the 15th, that is three days before the outbreak of the counter-revolution. As early as March or April in the same year, the French Ambassador in Berlin had informed his government that General Sanjurjo who would have been the leader of the rebellion but for the accident which cost him his life, had reported himself there and been welcomed in official quarters.

Here we are at the crux of the matter. Instead of taking their stand upon an interpretation of the Spanish Civil War (fascism versus communism) which, clearly, left them no choice but to remain passive and, in practice, tolerant of every mode of German-Italian interference—even, on that unfavourable ground M. Leon Blum was willing to act but, between the 1st and the 7th of August, Mr. Eden, in London, and Sir George Clerk, in Paris, immobilized him—the French and British governments ought, from the outset, to have declared that, if they were determined not to allow themselves to be entangled in Spain's internecine strife, they had equally made up their mind not to

allow that, under the pretext of the fight against communism, Italy and Germany should disturb in the slightest way the Mediterranean order or infringe upon the existing international treaties. For instance, the Franco-Spanish treaty of 1904 prohibits the Spanish authorities from calling to their assistance the troops of any third Power in the Spanish zone of Morocco. We, the French, ought, last August, to have seen to it that the above commitment should not be openly ignored and set at naught. The initial exploit of the Italian allies of General Franco was to transport over the Straits of Gibraltar the Moorish soldiers and foreign legionaries who turned the scales against the Madrid government, during the summer. Last January, the French government came boldly forward as regards Spanish Morocco and the strong words which were addressed to the German Ambassador in Paris prevented the Germans from securing a foothold there, a foothold that, in the long run, would have proved a terrible threat to French rule in Northern Africa. But that energetic policy ought to have been carried out five months earlier, and against fascist Italy. Such a warning, uttered in good time, would have radiated beyond the narrow limits of Spain's African appendage. All through the Spanish crisis, in short, the governments of Paris and London ought to have regarded all German and Italian undertakings as an attack upon their lines of communications in the Mediterranean. " But, very soon," a French minister said to me, at the end of July, 1936, " we should have had to come to blows." I wonder. *Anyhow, the same risks exist today and they have grown to be much more serious.* Let us not overlook that the mobilization of the French army on the Rhine and the Alps closely depends upon easy access to Northern Africa. It will be delayed, perhaps with fatal results if naval operations have to be undertaken to brush aside the enemy and clear the route.

But since the seemingly easier path of all round " non-intervention " had been selected, the duty devolved upon the French and British cabinets not to blind themselves, more or less deliberately, to the fact that all round " non-intervention " had degenerated into a farce and, in practice, by the deeds of the totalitarian states, meant unilateral intervention.

We have played to the end with cheaters the game of non-

intervention. We have complacently witnessed the arrival in the peninsula of an expeditionary force of some 70,000 Italians and about 13,000 Germans (later on reduced to 7 or 8,000) and we have found whatever justification of our conduct we could in the presence, on the side of Valencia, of an international brigade of 25,000 or 30,000 which has now shrunk to 6 or 7,000. We have staked on the flimsy hope that, gradually, Germany and Italy would be disgusted with the whole show and that we should succeed, little by little, in inducing them to add to the obligations to which they had pledged themselves in August, 1936, and February, 1937 (the obligation not to send war material and "volunteers,") another promise to put up with international control and even to share in its working. To buy that result we have bowed to the invasion of Spain by Italian and German contingents. But, now, at the very moment we believed we had won, and the recall of all foreigners fighting in Spain came within measurable distance of being agreed to, the system of control set up at such a cost is brutally taken out of our hands and trampled upon. Shall we try again the same method and put up with a fresh batch of invaders ?

So much for Spanish affairs. But two general conclusions must be formulated.

Germany and Italy, behind the screen of an anti-bolshevist crusade, bring their pressure to bear upon the Mediterranean lines of communications of the British and of the French Empires, because they are sure there is no shorter cut to be found towards the achievement of the diplomatic or even of the military triumphs upon which they have set their mind. The German Government expects that the Western powers will have to find relief in the Middle Sea through giving pangermanism a free hand in Central and Eastern Europe and signing a treaty of Locarno No. 2 which, explicitly or implicitly, will work in that sense. The government of Fascist Italy which is now intent upon expansion in Africa (Tunis and Egypt), upon the formation of an empire worthy of the name of Rome, throws itself all the more ardently into the Spanish imbroglio and does not even recoil from the most dastardly moves—but for the restraining influence of the *Reich* it would have gone as far as to shell Barcelona, one month ago—because it fears lest the bargain

already referred to should be negotiated between Great Britain and Germany and afterwards it should be left alone to withstand the full weight of British rearmament which will make itself felt in the Mediterranean more surely than on the Rhine. It is said sometimes in British quarters that England can make light of the menace in Western Mediterranean since Italy's sea and air forces are already in a position to obstruct the passage between Sicily and Tunis. The answer is that Great Britain is vitally interested in the smooth and speedy working of French mobilization which from Majorca, Ceuta and the Canary Islands can easily be jeopardized and that our job in the Mediterranean, already a very strenuous one, need not be further complicated. As things are today Italy would perhaps be reduced to impotence in a week. Why should we make it two or three weeks, if not more ?

But the repercussions of the Spanish developments spread far beyond the Mediterranean world. We have described at length the falling off of the League of Nations, the dissolution of the Little Entente, the wobbling of Belgium, the secession of Poland, the propagation everywhere of a spirit of reserve and neutrality. The French and British governments have been put to the test of the Abyssinian war and of the destruction of the Locarno treaty, and they have conspicuously failed to stand it. Once more, they are on trial and, this time, in Spain, near the centre of their national and imperial interests. If they do not give a more satisfactory account of themselves than on the two former occasions, if the Fascist gamblers score once again, the tables will be finally turned against the Western Powers. The hesitancy of their associates or sympathizers may then be altered to a conviction that the political and territorial European order created in 1919 is done for and that it is not enough for them to have looked to the German and Italian camp for a reinsurance of some sort, which they have been doing of recent years. They will no longer think it safe to sit on the fence. They may be carried along in a general stampede.

TELEVISION.

By G. R. M. Garratt.

THERE is a wide, but entirely erroneous belief, that modern television is a sudden development and that it has yet to pass through a long and tedious period of development before reaching a stage of finality. Though there is no foundation for this belief, there is some excuse for it, because television has made its *début* before the public in an advanced state of perfection, unheralded, it has seemed, by the more usual process of steady development over a period of many years. The technique of television, although related to that of sound broadcasting in some respects, is far more complicated, and it would have been both useless and impossible to commence the public broadcasting of television before its development was properly completed. Research and development have been in progress in numerous laboratories for fully ten years, but the final completion of the experimental stages has, to the general public, come almost as a surprise.

The earliest proposals for a system of distant vision by means of electricity were made almost fifty years ago. They were impractical at the time, and for many years afterwards, chiefly on account of the limited and imperfect technique which was then available and, in particular, because of the lack of any practical means of amplification. The essential principles, however, were understood in 1880 and, in fact, a system was patented in 1884 which only required improvement by Baird in 1925 and the provision of suitable amplifiers to form the first successful demonstration of low-definition television.

In order to gain an elementary understanding of the principles of television, it is necessary to consider briefly the essential differences between the senses of hearing and sight. It is well known that sound consists of waves of pressure in the air. These waves vary in intensity according to the loudness of the

sound, and they vary in frequency according to the pitch of the note. Ordinary sounds as heard by the human ear do not generally consist of simple tones, but of a complicated mixture of tones. In a large orchestra, for example, there may be fifty or more distinct instruments, each producing sound waves of a particular form. The important thing to realize, however, is that all the sound waves combine to form a single complicated series of pressure waves. As these waves strike the drum of the human ear one after the other, the aural nerve conveys a message to the brain which is able to interpret the series of pressure waves as a sound having certain characteristics. However complicated the original sounds may be, their total effect is appreciated by means of the single channel along the aural nerve.

In the case of sight, however, a totally different condition exists, and in order to appreciate the problems involved, one must consider briefly the structure of the eye. A lens in the front, the cornea, projects an image of the scene being observed on to the light-sensitive surface or retina at the back. The retina consists of many thousands of tiny light-sensitive elements, each quite separate from its neighbours, and each connected to the brain by an individual fibre in the optic nerve. Each little cell of the retina is capable of interpreting not only the intensity of the light which is projected on to it by the cornea, but also its colour, and it will thus be realized that the eye is an organ far more complex than the ear. Its many thousands of tiny cells interpret simultaneously and individually all the complicated details of the scene it surveys. Unlike the ear, it does not mix all the details into a single impulse : if it did, then only a blurred haze would be seen.

The fact that the eye takes in all the details of a scene simultaneously renders the problem of television a very difficult one, since an average scene can be considered as being made up of something like half a million separate elements of detail. To transmit half a million separate details simultaneously is an impossible problem since it would necessitate as many conducting wires between the transmitter and receiver, or, if it were to be done by radio, it would require half a million separate transmitters and receivers ! Fortunately, the eye possesses the

property known as " persistence of vision " by virtue of which it continues to " see " an object for about one-fortieth of a second after it has actually disappeared, and it is this property which renders not only television but also the cinema a practical proposition.

The phenomenon of persistence of vision renders television possible by making it practical to " dissect " the scene to be transmitted into a large number of minute areas, to transmit the relative brightness of each little area in rapid succession, and to reassemble them in their correct relative positions at the receiver. If this process of dissection and reconstruction (which is known as " scanning ") is carried out so that the complete scene is scanned about fifty times every second, the eye sees the re-assembled image without a trace of flicker.

The dissection or scanning of the picture is carried out by dividing the picture into a considerable number of horizontal lines—405 lines in the case of the B.B.C. transmissions—and the transmitting apparatus is designed to examine the changing light values along each successive line and to radiate a signal of appropriate amplitude. The process of scanning may be closely compared with the act of reading a page of a book. At a single glance, the eye cannot take in the contents of a page, any more than a television transmitter can transmit instantaneously the whole detail of a picture. In the act of reading, one's eye unconsciously examines each consecutive letter and proceeds, word by word from left to right and line by line from top to bottom until, at the end of the page, the complete meaning of the text on the page has been conveyed to the brain. One's eye in fact, has " scanned " the page in exactly the same manner as a scene is scanned by a television transmitter. In the case of reading, however, it will have taken two or three minutes to scan thirty or forty lines, while in the case of television the 405 lines must be scanned in a fiftieth of a second.

The dissection or scanning of a scene and its reconstruction at the receiver are only part of the television problem, however, the other part being the necessity of arranging for exact synchronism between the transmitter and the receiver. If the values of light and shade in the original scene are to be re-produced in their correct relative positions, it is obvious that

the tone values along each successive line at the receiver must correspond with those at the transmitter and in order that this may be achieved in practice, the transmitter is arranged to send out a special synchronizing pulse at the end of every line to indicate to the receiver the exact instant when scanning of the next line is to commence. Another special form of synchronizing impulse is transmitted at the end of each " frame " to indicate to the receiver that the last line has been scanned and that it must now return to the top and commence the scanning of the first line of the next frame.

As has been stated, each frame is built up of 405 horizontal lines. But in order to create the necessary illusion and to reproduce scenes in which movement is taking place without flicker being noticeable, it is necessary to transmit fifty frames every second. Simple multiplication shows that this demands the transmission of 20,250 lines per second, and, as every line may be considered as being made up of about 500 little areas, some idea may be gained of the enormous frequencies with which television apparatus has to deal. In order to reduce somewhat the technical difficulties of transmitting and receiving such a wide band of frequencies, an artifice known as " interlacing " is employed which reduces by half the number of lines to be transmitted in a given time. The interlaced system of scanning consists in scanning all the odd numbers of lines first, at the conclusion of which the even lines are scanned. The scanning of each frame of either " odd " or " even " lines takes place in one-fiftieth of a second, and, although the whole 405 lines are only scanned every one twenty-fifth of a second, i.e., 10,125 lines per second, the system results in no apparent flicker such as would result if the lines were scanned consecutively at the same rate.

Many different methods have been proposed from time to time for dissecting and reconstructing a scene, and at least one system was in use up to last year which was invented in 1884. These systems are, however, of only technical interest, and the only one which merits description here is the Marconi-E.M.I. system which has been adopted by the B.B.C. for the transmissions from the London television station at Alexandra Palace. The Marconi-E.M.I. system employs an " electron

camera "—the Emitron—in which the scanning is carried out by purely electron means without the use of any moving parts. The Emitron has been described as an electric eye, to which, in fact, its construction bears a close resemblance. A lens, which may be compared with the cornea of the eye, projects an image of the scene to be transmitted on to a specially prepared plate which is enclosed in a special form of cathode ray tube. This plate, which is made of insulating material, is covered with a mosaic of tiny light-sensitive photo-electric globules, each of which is very close to but insulated from its neighbours. When the optical image is projected on to this mosaic, the photo-electric globules emit electrons in proportion to the intensity of light falling on them, and the globules thus acquire individual positive charges of electricity. The mosaic plate thus has a faithful electrical picture of the original scene built up upon it.

The cathode ray tube also contains a device known familiarly as an " electron gun " which produces a narrow beam of electrons and projects them towards the mosaic like bullets from a machine gun. The electrons are particles of negative electricity, and they are " focussed " by a magnetic field so that they form a thin beam and strike the mosaic as a very small spot. Besides the magnetic field which focusses the beam, there are two other continuously varying magnetic fields which are applied to the sides of the tube and which deflect the electron beam and cause it to sweep over the surface of the mosaic in a series of parallel lines, thus " scanning " the electric image which is built up on the surface of the mosaic by the action of the projected light image. As the electron beam sweeps over the surface of the mosaic of tiny globules, it discharges each in turn and the minute electric current which is set up by the discharge is communicated to a conducting plate which forms the back of the mosaic. These discharge currents are extremely small, but they form the original " picture signal " of the television transmission. They are so small, in fact, that they could not pass down the cable which connects the Emitron to the transmitter without serious loss, and on this account, a sensitive amplifier has to be incorporated in the base of the camera unit itself. After amplification in the camera unit, the picture signals are passed to the control room, where, after many

further stages of amplification, correction, and other treatment, they are finally passed into the transmitter and radiated from the aerial.

The exterior of the camera looks very like an ordinary motion picture film camera since it has a lens and focussing arrangements, and is usually carried on a similar stand. Its interior mechanism, however, possesses no resemblance whatever to a photographic camera.

As a result of the very high modulation frequencies which are produced by the scanning of a high-definition television image, it is imperative that the radio transmitter shall itself operate on an ultra-high frequency, i.e., an ultra-short wavelength. The London television station employs a wavelength of 6.7 metres which corresponds to a frequency of 45,000,000 waves per second.

One of the most important characteristics of ultra-short waves is that their range tends to become limited to distances within optical range, and no amount of increase in the power of the transmitter will result in a material increase in range. The wavelengths between six and eight metres which are used for television have an average maximum range of about 40 miles and although under favourable conditions, reception can be obtained at double this distance, such results are exceptional.

Two important factors influence the range available. The first is the height of the intervening country and that of the receiving aerial. If the receiving aerial is situated well up on high ground, the range obtained will be considerable. On the other hand, the presence of high ground between the transmitter and the receiver, particularly if near to the receiver, is likely to limit the range obtainable.

The second factor which governs the range is the interference which is experienced from nearby electrical apparatus and particularly that arising from the radiation of electro-magnetic waves from the ignition systems of motor cars. A magneto or coil, and the leads which connect it to the sparking plugs of a motor car engine act as a small transmitter at television wavelengths, producing streaks of light in the picture and crackling in the loud speaker. When the receiver is fairly near to the transmitter, say ten to twenty miles, the transmitted signals

are still fairly strong in comparison with the strength of the interference, and consequently little trouble is experienced. As the distance from the transmitter increases, however, the signal strength from the transmitter falls off rapidly, greater amplification is required in the receiver, and interference becomes increasingly more serious. It is fortunate that means exist for the complete suppression of motor car interference by the fitting of appropriate screening, and it is probable that it will become compulsory for all motor cars to be so fitted within the near future. At present, however, the interference experienced from this cause is sufficient to prevent satisfactory reception at ranges much over 35 or 40 miles unless the receiver is situated in a neighbourhood comparatively unfrequented by motor cars.

The signals which are radiated from the transmitter are received on a special aerial and transferred by means of a special type of cable to the receiver, which, in many respects, closely resembles an ordinary broadcast receiver. It should be mentioned here that there are two distinct transmitters at a television station, one of which radiates the picture signals and the other radiates the sound which accompanies the vision programme. The two transmitters work on closely adjacent wavelengths—6.7 metres for the vision and 7.2. metres for the sound at the London station—and both are received on the same aerial. The initial stages of a television receiver amplify both the vision and sound signals, but they are then separated and amplified separately, the sound signals being supplied eventually to the loud-speaker and the vision signals to the reproducer. A number of different methods have been proposed from time to time for reproducing the picture, but the receivers at present commercially available all employ a cathode ray tube and, for home purposes at any rate, the indications are that this type will be the receiver of the future.

The cathode ray tube consists of an elongated pear-shaped glass vessel, the bulbous portion of which is twelve to fifteen inches in diameter and has a nearly flat surface at the end. The neck of the tube contains an electron-gun which produces a narrow beam of electrons in a manner similar to that in the Emitron camera described earlier. The electrons are emitted

by the oxide-coated surface of a small incandescent filament, but, unlike the gun of the Emitron camera, the cathode or source of electrons is surrounded with a small cylinder known as the control electrode. The voltage of this electrode controls the number of electrons in the beam and by causing the incoming television signal to modulate the voltage, the intensity of the electron beam is continuously varied.

The beam of electrons is projected towards the flattened end of the cathode ray tube which is coated internally with a thin layer of a mineral salt. Under the impact of the electron beam this screen becomes fluorescent, the brightness of the glow being determined by the density of the electron beam. The electrons are focussed accurately so that the beam is a very fine one, and the point of impact with the screen only covers a circle about one millimetre in diameter.

The function of one of the units of a television receiver is to deflect the beam horizontally and vertically so that it scans the fluorescent screen in exact synchronism with the beam of the Emitron. The synchronizing pulses referred to earlier ensure that the receiving beam keeps accurately in step with that of the transmitter. As the electron beam scans the surface of the fluorescent screen, its intensity is modulated with extreme rapidity by the control electrode in response to the received signals and thus any given area of the screen is caused to be bright or dark according to whether the corresponding area of the scene being transmitted is light or dim.

The cathode ray receivers which are now available to the public at prices varying from £60 to £80 reproduce the picture on a screen measuring about ten inches long and eight inches high. Although this may seem somewhat small, in practice it is adequate for home entertainment purposes, and while an increase in size might seem desirable for some purposes, it should be remembered that the definition of the picture will deteriorate as the size is increased. There is, however, a definite demand for larger screens and this has stimulated a great deal of research with this aim in view.

The difficulty of increasing the size of the screen in a cathode ray tube is chiefly due to the enormous pressure which is exerted by the atmosphere on the outside of the evacuated bulb. On

account of the peculiar shape of the tube, it is both difficult and expensive to make a glass bulb of sufficient strength to withstand the atmospheric pressure. One possible arrangement for larger screens which is receiving considerable attention at the present time employs quite a small tube having a screen only four or five inches in diameter on which a small picture of intense luminosity is produced. By means of a lens, this picture is projected on to the viewing screen. The disadvantages of this system are, at present, the short life of the high-intensity screens, the cost of the projection lens, and the overall bulk of the apparatus. Research is also being devoted to receiving systems employing optical-mechanical methods in place of the cathode ray tube. Whilst it is probable that such systems alone are capable of producing really large pictures, such, for example, as those required for cinema screens, the technical difficulties which remain to be solved are considerable. For home purposes, it is doubtful whether such systems will be able to compete in price, convenience, and size with the cathode ray type of receiver.

It is considered in some directions that there is a potential field of application for television in cinemas and public halls. For such purposes, the cathode ray type of receiver is useless and only an optical-mechanical system could be used, but, in this country at any rate, it seems open to question whether there is, in fact, any application for television in public halls. A form of programme which is suitable for home entertainment, such as is now radiated by the B.B.C. from the London television station, is quite unsuitable for public halls, and while there are occasional events of topical importance which have a wide public appeal such, for example, as the Derby, football cup finals, ceremonial processions, and so on, it is very doubtful whether such events are of sufficient frequency to justify a large screen installation when one becomes available, or whether the copyright situation would permit the reproduction of such events before paying audiences.

Before closing this brief survey of modern television, some mention must be made of the equipment which has been acquired by the B.B.C. for the broadcasting by television of events occurring outside the television studios. This equipment

was used for the first time for televising the Coronation procession on May 12th and, more recently, for the televising of the Tennis Championships at Wimbledon.

In the case of sound broadcasting, the transmission of outside events is comparatively easy since it is a simple matter to connect up microphones and amplifiers with a distant transmitter by means of the ordinary telephone cables. With television, however, the range of frequencies which must be transmitted is so wide that it is quite impossible to make use of ordinary telephone circuits. Two methods exist by which outside broadcasts of television may be made—one is by laying a special form of cable to carry the picture signals to the transmitter, and the other is by the use of a special low-power transmitter to connect the cameras with the main station.

The installation of a special cable is an expensive matter and only justified if it can be frequently used. A circuit has been laid, however, under a number of the principal streets of inner London, and tapping points have been provided at "key" positions, which will facilitate the televising of topical events occurring on and near the route. This cable was used for the first time for the televising at Apsley Gate of Hyde Park of the Coronation Procession on May 12th.

The provision of the special cable, however, is only half the battle for the outside broadcasting of television because, unlike sound broadcasting when only a microphone and perhaps a small amplifier is required, the Emitron cameras must be closely situated to the camera control equipment. The control apparatus comprises an exceedingly complicated equipment of oscillators, pulse generators, amplifiers, correcting units, monitors and other units, and it must be situated within a few hundred feet of the actual cameras. Before any outside broadcasts were possible, therefore, it was necessary to build a complete replica of the Control Room at Alexandra Palace into a mobile unit. The van which contains the equipment is a large vehicle, in size about equal to a single-decker omnibus.

If the site of the event to be televised is near the underground cable circuit, only the mobile control van and the television cameras will be required, but if the site is situated at a distance from the cable, then it becomes necessary to employ

a low-power radio transmitter to link the mobile control equipment with the main transmitter at Alexandra Palace. The mobile transmitter operates on a slightly higher frequency than the main transmitter to avoid interference and is installed in a similar van to the control equipment. Yet a third van is required if the site of the broadcast is situated at a distance from a suitable supply of electricity in order to provide the power required for the operation of the equipment.

The first occasion on which the " radio link " was used to connect the cameras with the main transmitter was during the Lawn Tennis Championships held at Wimbledon a few weeks ago. The transmissions were completely successful, and anyone who was fortunate enough to witness the exciting matches between Miss Alice Marble of the U.S.A. and Mdm. Mathieu of France, or that between Panna Jedrzejowska of Poland and Miss Dorothy Round of England in which the latter won the Ladies Singles Championship, after being four games to one down in the final set, will need no convincing of the value and future for television as a home entertainment.

Although, it is true, manufacturers are disappointed with the small number of receivers purchased up to date, we may congratulate ourselves that in television at any rate, Britain leads the world. So far as technical ability is concerned, there is probably little to choose between this country and the U.S.A. but in no country in the world other than England is there an actual broadcast service of high-definition television. The B.B.C. television service inaugurated last November is an amazing technical achievement, and every credit is due to those scientists and research workers who have made it possible.

PALESTINE DENOUEMENT

By Kenneth Williams.

IF, as has been said, the administration of Palestine since the inception of the mandatory régime has shown British duplicity at its worst, it is certain that the Report of the Royal Commission, and the decision by the Government to accept the Commission's recommendations, show British candour at its best. When I speak of "duplicity," I do not mean double-dealing. Still less do I mean that the Administration in Palestine has not been as honest and as faithful as in the circumstances any Administration could be. What is condemned is the "double-promising," if the word be allowed, of politicians, who seemed not to reck of what local difficulties they caused, so long as their own domestic position was secure.

Mandatory policy in the Holy Land had got into a hopeless tangle. Rivalry between Arab and Zionist had grown keener, not blunter, with the passing of the years, the so-called "prosperity" of the country and the general speeding up of life. It was in fact a tragedy that was being unfolded in the Palestine, a tragedy which the oft-reviled, but ever well-meaning Administration, bound by the terms imposed on it, was powerless to avert, a tragedy much the sharper, moreover, because warning of its inevitable unfolding had been abundantly given. The Palestine Administration has endured many hard knocks—it is still the Zionist thesis that but for its alleged weakness the Mandate could have been made to work—but those knocks have all missed their mark. Most of the Palestine officials knew that the policy they were compelled to follow was an impracticable policy: and there are few sadder spectacles than that of brave, impartial men trying to implement a policy which in their heart of hearts they recognize as unworkable.

Yet, despite the patent irreconcilabilities contained in the Mandate, it is nothing short of heroic that the British Govern-

ment should have decided that the whole faith it held, or professed, for some seventeen years, and that all the efforts it had put forth to justify that faith, were false and misguided. Long ago the late G. K. Chesterton said that the answer to those who asserted that " you could not put the clock back " was, simply, " you can." But such a process is easier for individuals than for Governments. Yet here is the British Government prepared to cancel the Balfour Declaration, to abrogate the Mandate itself. It is a tremendous decision.

It was not the rôle of the Royal Commission to criticize past mistakes, and its hand is light on those who have persisted in blunders in the Holy Land. But the less responsible critic may at least impugn the attitude on Palestine of those in Parliament. Previous Governments have been faced with the facts on Palestine but, owing to political pressure at home, have contrived to shirk them. Were the National Government to receive no other praise, they would earn the gratitude of posterity for the lead they have given their followers and the nation on Palestine.

Westminster is not overgiven to thinking in terms of ideology. Provided that an oversea territory for which it is responsible is no burden to the British tax-payer, the ordinary Member of Parliament is apt not to worry over it. (The House of Lords has not indulged for many years its pristine indignation over the Balfour Declaration). And the M.P., day in and day out, was being reminded, not only that Palestine in these latter years had cost the British tax-payer nothing, but also that its Exchequer actually possessed a handsome surplus. Unquestionably he was more impressed by the wealth that the Zionist immigrants were bringing to Palestine than by the hostility of the Arabs, whose spokesmen in Parliament were few in comparison with the politicians upon whose services the Zionists at any moment could call.

Nevertheless, the reception given in Great Britain to the Report of the Royal Commission and to the Government's decision to adopt the Report's recommendations proves that the ordinary Briton had been moved more deeply than many suspected by the constant demonstration of dissatisfaction with the policy in Palestine. I write but a day or two after the publication of the Report, but it is sufficiently clear that the

Government's decision to partition Palestine has made a profound impression upon the public conscience. It is felt in this country that the scheme for the future of Palestine in broad outline is as nearly just as in present circumstances it is possible to conceive. The people of "brutal, Imperialist Britain" loathe methods of repression, such as alone could ensure the continuance of the Mandate in its present form. Force might be used to prevent open rebellion, but force could solve no problems in Palestine. And, as the Commission remarks, it would not only involve recurring expense to the British tax-payer but also "its immediate effect would be to widen the gulf that separates the Arab from the Jew, with repercussions spreading far beyond the borders of Palestine."

Hence this scheme of Partition by which essential British interests are safeguarded, by which the Jews are to retain most of what they now have and are to enjoy room in which to expand, and by which the Arabs, utterly free in their restricted domain, are to have removed from their souls the awful fear of being swamped by the Jews.

A few acute observers have long advocated such a division of authority in the Holy Land, but they feared either that the Royal Commission would not be courageous enough to support such a scheme, or that, if it were recommended, the British Government would not be bold enough to accept it. Those fears most happily have been belied. The British Government in truth has risen most admirably to the occasion. It has seen the truth, the unpalatable and unflattering truth, and it now has the vision to proceed on a course which, making mockery of its former pilotage, at least promises to bring the sorely-tried vessel of Palestine safe at last into harbour.

The Report of the Royal Commission is a magnificent document. True, the Commission was so composed that an adequate historical survey and a searching analysis of the existing situation could confidently be presupposed. But how many were those who, knowing the British love of palliatives, of shrinking from revolutionary measures, could foresee that the Commissioners would cast aside all expedients designed merely to blunt grievances, and plump unanimously for a "surgical operation?"

It may not be realized by those who have read only summaries of the Report that the Commission presented alternatives to the Government. First, they made recommendations on the assumption of the present Mandate's continuance. Then they advocated the scheme of Partition. It was for the Government to choose.

The Commission's reasons for favouring the latter course are devastatingly complete. To the story of the mandatory régime they could add nothing that was not perfectly well known to any close student of modern Palestine. To both Arabs and Jews they give credit where credit is due. Their impartiality is no less than the impartiality of the Palestine Administration, but, unlike the latter, they could make their impartiality constructive. Their whole interpretation of events in Palestine is based on the thesis that the very moral idea behind the Mandate, namely, that the interests of the Arabs and the interests of the Jews would not conflict, had no foundation in fact. Time and time again they expose the hollowness of the British official contention, held, it is true, with decreasing intensity in these latter years, but still mouthed pathetically by the politicians, that Arabs and Zionists would sink their differences, to merge into a Palestinian people. Such coalescing has never been seen either on the political plane or in times of emergency in Palestine : nor does the prospect of it grow aught but more dismal with the passing of years. The Arabs have consistently asserted that it can never be : the Zionists have put a gloss on it. But neither the Commission nor any impartial person accepts their argument. Apologists for the Zionists have found in the disturbances of last year a host of reasons not present in previous troubles—foreign gold, the involved international situation, the weakness of the Palestine Administration, and so on. This will not do for the perspicacious Commission. The situation which they found in Palestine at the end of 1936 and the beginning of the present year was

> " Not a different situation, brought about by new or temporary factors, in Palestine or outside it. It is the old situation intensified. Most of what has happened since 1925 has been a repetition, on a steadily increasing scale, of what happened before 1925. The present difficulties of the problem of Palestine were all inherent in it from the beginning."

Thus does the Royal Commission repeat what all previous

Commissions, commonly dubbed " pro-Arab," and all impartial witnesses, have said. And to its voice the Government has been unable to turn a deaf ear. On the contrary, it has seized enthusiastically on Partition as the only policy which in principle is workable.

II.

If there is a general lesson to be learned from this momentous development in regard to Palestine, it is that we should concentrate on the future, and try to forget the past. The amount of breath and of ink that have been spilled in interpreting this or that pledge, this or that document, is unmeasurable. For sterile hour after sterile hour we have heard and read that the 1915 McMahon pledges to the Arabs, the 1917 Balfour Declaration, the 1918 Anglo-French Declaration, the Mandate itself, and so on, meant this or that. On these expressions of policy each individual student accepted a definite point of view, but could never persuade others who disagreed to embrace it. That such divergent interpretations were possible pointed to one thing only: that the British Government were guilty either of deliberate vagueness or of tergiversation. Now, in a twinkling, that weary documentary burden is to be taken off our shoulders. For the Mandate for Palestine, howsoever it incorporated or failed to incorporate promises to Arabs and to Jews, is to go. And never will a Mandate have gone with so hearty a sense of relief. Few internationally sanctioned documents have had sorrier sequels. Those whose local duty it has been to fulfil the Palestine Mandate at no time have had any sense of where that Mandate was to lead. They went blindly stumbling on, hoping vainly that each lull between the storms would be longer than the last. It was a hope that could be called ridiculous were it not so tragic and intolerable.

Let us now look at the proposed States in Palestine. Great Britain is to retain under perpetual mandate Jerusalem and the corridor thence to the Arab port of Jaffa, Bethlehem and Nazareth, and an enclave round Aqaba, at the head of the Red Sea. For an unspecified time she is also to retain under mandate the towns of Tiberias (6,150 Jews and 3,550 Arabs), Safad (7,900 Arabs and 2,000 Jews), Haifa (50,000 Jews and 48,000

Arabs), and Acre (8,500 Arabs and 250 Jews). For these proposals there is obvious justification : these towns' peculiar history or peculiar importance are sufficient explanation of their being entrusted to British charge.

But the Jewish State and the Arab State might have been differently drawn. That the Jews should be confirmed in the plains which they have made fertile was inevitable. But there are surprises. Perhaps the first to strike anyone who knows Palestine will be the Commission's recommendation that northern Palestine should be allotted to the Jewish State, while the desert of southern Palestine, which the Zionists have long been proclaiming that they could make blossom like the rose, should have been left in the Arab State. Actually there are in the proposed Arab State only 1,250 Jews, whereas in the proposed Jewish State there are, excluding the towns mentioned above as to be held provisionally under British mandate pending their incorporation in the Jewish State, no fewer than 225,000 Arabs.

Of course a more accurate racial map of Palestine could have been drawn. But it would have been pock-marked with enclaves, and administratively impossible. This, however, is not to say that, before things take their final shape territorial modifications might not be drawn. Assuredly both sides, if ultimately they accept the principle of Partition, will endeavour to extract such adjustments.

Many are the details that have yet to be settled, but perhaps the chief problem, given the discovery of available land in Trans-Jordan for Palestinian Arabs and given the money necessary for settlement therein, concerns the transfer of the Arab population now living in what is to be the Jewish State. The Commission pertinently and hopefully refer to the great and epoch-making transfer of population in 1923-1924 from Greece to Turkey and *vice versa*, but they also candidly admit that the essential condition in that transaction—the existence of available land to which the ejected Turks and Greeks respectively could go—is not present in Palestine. If these Arabs in the Jewish State are to be provided with new homes, such homes must be found for the most part in unsurveyed Trans-Jordan. How much money such a survey and such a

transfer would involve is quite unknown. Yet, from the point of view of the British, who would have to find the money, almost any price would be cheap, for nothing is too high for peace and the preservation of a fair name.

The difficulties of such a transfer will be heavy. There is, to mention no other, the psychological factor. The home of the simple Arab is, however humble, still his home. And the Commission sums up the reaction of the Arabs, i.e., the old inhabitants to the advertised benefits conferred on them by the Jews, as follows :

> " You say that we are better off : you say my house has been enriched by strangers who have entered it. But it is *my* house, and I did not invite the strangers in, or ask them to enrich it, and I do not care how poor or bare it is if only I am master of it."

This surely is a sentiment which home-loving Britons will readily appreciate.

It may, I say, be taken for granted that both Arabs and Jews will press hard for modifications of the scheme of Partition. Throughout the whole history of the mandatory period they have pleaded for preferential treatment, which commonly they have equated with justice. But their future pleadings will be on an entirely different basis from their old claims. Hitherto the Arabs have based their attitude on the assumption that the independence of Palestine, the whole of Palestine, is a right. Hitherto the Zionists have based their claims on the Balfour Declaration. Now, they are both to realize that no right, whether historic or of any other kind, is a right at all, unless all persons concerned in its materialization are prepared to concede it. The Arabs of Palestine will never have the Zionists under their sway as a minority : and the Balfour Declaration will pass into the limbo of historical curiosities. The whole plane, then, on which Arabs and Zionists will found their pretensions will be different from the past plane. They will have to be realist, will have to prove that their intentions lead towards the final consummation of peace. Great Britain may have to endure, but she will not listen to, any more rhetoric, talk of " majority government," the " irresistibility of dynamic forces," and so forth. To all reasoned complaints, to all helpful suggestions, she will turn a ready ear, but in the face of " diehardism," as to appeals to " historic destiny," she will be implacable. In

short, the problem of Palestine has been " de-bunked " by the Commission : we are down to bed-rock. The will of Great Britain has been made known, and assuredly, given international sanction, the Government will enforce that will.

One word upon the ultimate future of the Arab States in the Middle East and of the Jewish State upon their western flank. To forecast the future of Arab independent States is impossible. Arab Palestine is to be linked with Trans-Jordan as an independent entity. Well and good. But no one can dogmatically predict that this independent Arab State may not, at some early or late date, merge its interests with those of other Arab States. All the existing Arab States in northern Arabia have some frontiers that are entirely artificial—merely straight lines drawn across the face of the desert, and drawn, moreover, by European draftsmen. Such frontiers may be altered by the independent Arabs : there is nothing about them that is inviolable.

But the confines of the Jewish State in Palestine, once they are decided upon, will be inviolable. Gone for ever is the Zionist dream, not only of Judaising Palestine, but of peacefully penetrating the vast Arab hinterland to the eastward. The Zionists had hoped that, once their position in Palestine was unassailable, on the basis of a Jewish majority therein, they could extend their mission northwards and eastwards, alike in Syria, Trans-Jordan, and Iraq. That hope, in any but the commercial sense, is at an end. Naturally, once these two States in Palestine have settled down, there may be abundant opportunity for increased trade relations between the Zionists and the Arab States, but they will be on a par with, say, trade relations between Germany and England. In the long view, therefore, it is the Jews whose hopes will have received the greatest disappointment over the scheme of Partition. But surely a bird in the hand of Hebrew-speaking Palestine is worth two in the bush in Arabic-speaking lands. The balance of advantage—and all hard politics are a question of the balance of advantage—is undoubtedly for the Jews to make the most of what is offered to them. If the Zionist movement grows weaker as the *Yishub*, the Jewish community in Palestine, grows stronger, the happiness of the world may not thereby be lessened.

III.

But the map of Palestine, however it be redrawn, cannot be changed in a day. First of all must come the League of Nations' consent to the disappearance of the present Mandate. That is expected in September. Then, while the situation in Palestine itself is becoming more clarified, must come the investigations of the Boundary Commission—which might be a League Commission—and of the Finance Commission. And finally must come the Treaties making the Arab and Jewish States independent and facilitating their entrance into the League of Nations. This process may conceivably take two or three years.

It is a formidable enough programme, but it can be carried through. For its smooth functioning the good will alike of Arabs and of Jews is necessary. At the time of writing it is far too early to prophesy that such good will will be available. The shock of the prospect of Partition is too great for either of the two parties who have been hoping for complete mastery to expect a prompt welcome to the diminution of those hopes. Already the Arabs have split, one prominent party declaring that the division of Palestine is possible only over the dead bodies of Arabs. Nor have the reactions of the Zionists afforded much encouragement. From Jewish quarters have come protests that, whatever be decreed by the Mandatory Power, Zionists will always treat the projected Arab State as *terra irredenta*.

But reflection may temper this unfriendly attitude. No one can suppose that the transition period in Palestine will be entirely free from "incidents." A people cannot be fed on aspirations for twenty years and then be expected to greet with a cheer the incomplete—and perpetually incomplete—realization of those aspirations. But no one can pretend that the Arabs of Palestine enjoyed being lawless, or that the Jews enjoyed being fearful. None but the mischief-maker cherishes uncertainty. It is, therefore, not unreasonable to believe that, in time, a sufficient number of Arabs and a sufficient number of Zionists will accommodate themselves to limited horizons, horizons which, moreover, are unshadowed by another's dawn.

Certainly the British should feel no wrench at the prospect of

surrendering control over the greater part of Palestine. Our administration there has brought us fair words from none but those who were temporarily profiting by it. It is not even arguable that, by staying in full control, we still should fail to induce lasting peace in the Holy Land. Our continued presence might be welcome to the Jews, who wanted nothing but a continuance of the *status quo* combined with the mailed fist, but only at the expense of the undying hostility of the Arabs and of opprobrium in the Muslim world, not to speak of intrigues by countries nearer home. In common parlance, the game was not worth the candle. In more dignified language, the policy was not worthy of the British. So has been evolved this plan, difficult and trying as it may be to realize, of partitioning for peace.

In an article published in THE FORTNIGHTLY of July, 1936, I counselled that we should

> " admit that the Mandate was fashioned largely in ignorance of the facts of Palestine, that we have at last perceived the error of our ways, and that, without permitting hurt to those who, trusting to our bond, have settled in Palestine, we will forthwith amend our manners."

I scarcely hoped then, before the Royal Commission had begun its work, that the British Government would indulge in such an *amende honorable* as is now proposed. Its courage is indeed tremendous, and those who, for whatever reason, look upon Palestine with sentiment, should be profoundly grateful for the Government's decision.

THE UNIVERSITY; LIGHTHOUSE OR CASSEROLE?

By T. H. Pear.

AS this article is being written, members of the teaching staff in our universities are exhibiting almost every form of activity associated with their positions. A few are still lecturing, many are examining. In departments suddenly grown quiet an attentive ear may catch the old jest, "Now the undergraduates have gone, we can get some work done." Some teachers turn to research, study and writing, delighted that the run-down mental accumulator is now going to be charged, thinking perhaps, "How pleasant to do this always!" Others, however, are leaving for summer schools, where they will tackle the job of imparting knowledge to students who have the most varied range of intellectual and cultural background; a task as difficult and as challenging as the mountain climbs they will later attempt.

To some of their colleagues inside the university walls, however, these activities will appear to be outside the "real" function of a university, as a form of dissipation, to be kept within strict limits. Those who practise it will be looked upon as our forefathers looked upon people who entered the sea in summer or ventured upon the ice and snow in winter: "indulging" in queer sports for which appropriately quaint adjectives like "aquatic" were duly found. Nowadays, indulgers reply that to their generation, swimming is an activity as justifiable as running or walking; that to their grandfathers water, snow and ice may have put natural barriers, but that this was nothing to be proud of. When such moderns learn the width of the Hellespont, they wonder what all the fuss was about. The walls of a college or university are no longer barriers for them. Like Mark Twain's prisoner, they have been struck by a brilliant idea. They have opened the door and walked out.

It may be true, they say, that once the duty of a university teacher was to stay inside its walls, but since even women climb them nowadays, they need not be respected excessively; and wireless waves (a subject to be mentioned later) make walls look silly, anyway. Such modern teachers try to offer some of the carefully garnered riches of the universities to people who work for a living in the daytime, are not rich, and, maybe, are no longer young. They will even be, perhaps, the fathers and mothers of the students who are in the universities because of the sacrifices made by their parents; and, after all, is it a heinous offence to be still interested in the education of people who have passed the age of twenty-five?

The question is seldom put in this way, for university teachers are notoriously gentle in manner. But there is no reason to hide the fact that inside a university not everyone agrees concerning either the relative amount of extra-mural activity which is desirable, or the type of teacher who should carry it out. The enthusiast for extra-mural education soon meets the completely fair reminder that universities are expected to advance, as well as to transmit, knowledge. And some critics speak openly of the danger that a too intense desire to transmit knowledge, inside or outside university walls, may distract some of the best minds from more important work.

I am not here concerned with the administrative, the political, the cultural, or the moral implications of these two points of view, and will waste no time in elaborating the fact that some people are attracted by both types of activity. I merely wish to suggest that there is a great psychological interest in these two mental attitudes. They correspond roughly to two opposed opinions as to the chief function of a university (or of a college in the older universities); that it should be in the nature of (a) a lighthouse, or (b) a casserole. While most people pay lip-service to the reasonable postulate that a university should be both, their private inclinations are apt to be one way or the other, as can be been from their behaviour.

* * * *

Why should it seem desirable to discuss the functions of a university, in this way, at this time? Because in countries not far from our own, the functions of universities have not been

discussed; they have simply been changed. So while we still remain a democracy it seems reasonable to carry on such an examination, lest our opportunity should suddenly and irrevocably vanish.

Let us take as our starting-point, not abstract principles, but facts, chosen from a number of possible ones. A certain university recently held "open days," on which anyone, uninvited, could enter and view the buildings as they are; some new and inspiring, many middle-aged and mournful, a few derelict, insanitary and repulsive. Visitors saw, as a matter of course, the laboratories, but, much less as a matter of course, the non-scientific departments, with attractive collections of books, pictures and maps. They heard "talks" (a distressingly unacademic word) upon ancient and modern languages, classics and art. Which reminds me of another sign of the times that may shock the university don of yesteryear.

Not long ago, the heads of some American universities were asked, "What is the radio policy of your institution?" Now, while it is true that to be an incurable visualizer has many disadvantages, it brought me, without warning, a delightful picture of Earl Baldwin, suddenly asked this question about the University of which he is the revered Chancellor. I am ashamed to say that on reading this (to me) typically American question, I was automatically afflicted by the insular, complacent English smile so dear to the artists of the *New Yorker*. Yet, after all, broadcasting is merely a method of making words—which as Mr. H. G. Wells once said, are spoken "almost furtively, in lecture-rooms"—available to a million instead of to a dozen. A university press does not consider the dissemination of the printed word unimportant, but may privately lament its small circulation. So perhaps it is only looking ahead a little to imagine a British university with a radio-policy. The intrepid outside-broadcasting staff of the B.B.C. has penetrated into the Ascot enclosure, into royal palaces, into the Abbey itself. Only the university lecture room remains serene, inviolate. For this, perhaps, there may be more than one reason.

Do the universities consider broadcasting unimportant? If so, they must be unique in their isolation. Perhaps, as Mr. Charles Wintour suggested in a recent article in the *Radio*

Times, because in his university the older generation ignores broadcasting and the younger generation takes it for granted, little is done about it. Yet any sociologist, economist, modern historian, or psychologist, who is not studying the news bulletins, radio propaganda, and the subtler influence of radio upon people's attitudes, is out of touch with his own material (a condition to which the term " academic " is, sometimes unfairly, applied). It seems therefore reasonable to hold that, unless the teaching of a university is to be bounded by, and reflected back from, its walls, a lively interest in modern methods of disseminating knowledge might be expected from at least a fraction of its staff. Some would go further than this and ask, " In a world whose society seems to be going rapidly insane, what is the use of pretending that inked paper in a library is knowledge ? Does knowledge exist if nobody knows it ? When an important new fact is discovered by much labour, is an equal attempt made to bring adequate information of it to the world ? "

Some, therefore, hold that in 1937 a university, whether ancient or modern, academic or technological, ought to resemble a lighthouse, with revolving beams of the greatest possible intensity and range. (Yet the colour of the beam is a question to be seriously considered, as this single item of news will show. Dr. Kahrstedt, professor of ancient history at the University of Göttingen, is reported to have said recently in an address on German Empire day, " We renounce international science. We renounce the international republic of learning. We renounce research for its own sake . . . We teach and learn history, not to say how things actually happened, but to instruct the German people from the past ! "* In spite of this kind of difficulty, however, many would urge that if a university has a message to deliver, it should consider the best ways of transmission.

There will be few objections to the apparently axiomatic statements that the functions of universities are to advance knowledge and culture, to disseminate them, and through example and precept, to develop the personalities and characters of their students. Yet these trite assertions are labels for debatable subjects ; debatable not only between different types of university administrators, or individual members of univer-

*Quoted in *Nature*, April 24, 1937, p. 771.

sities, but occasionally between different " selves " of the same individual, who may sometimes inquire, " Is it more important today, to advance knowledge or to spread it ? " He may not be helped to a decision if he thinks of some distinguished scholar, regarded by his colleagues as wasting his time in trying to promote, shall we say, world peace, when he might be discovering something new, or to put it in technical language, by " producing " something " scholarly " or " scientific," which would increase the " prestige " of his " subject." (All the words in quotation marks are used here in an intra-mural sense). Such indecision may seem to be pathological. Yet recently Abyssinia has been " civilized " by techniques which would never have existed if university-trained researchers had not produced these things of scientific importance, which added to the prestige of their subject, and even, possibly, of their inventors, All the same, it is conceivable that by such prestige-laden methods the Bodleian may be bombed and the Cavendish caved in. The local survivors, if any, will have the consolation of knowing that the methods were scientific and used merely for defence. Yet if, half a century hence, it is recorded that Oxford and Cambridge have been spared such a fate, though at the cost of diverting some of their best minds from the study of inorganic matter to the study of human folly, would it be so utterly regrettable?

The purpose of the above paragraph, written deliberately in bad taste, is to suggest that some ways of advancing knowledge appear to be less desirable than others. This serious, if unoriginal, thought leads directly to our next question ; ought university research to be specially encouraged in certain directions and, if so, by whom ?

These questions are frequently discussed upon two almost independent levels of thinking. On the first, or low level-line the argument runs easily ; there should be absolute freedom in research activities, provided that they do not infringe the laws of the land. The upper level, however, is more realistic. It recognises that research costs money, that grants for some kinds of research are easy to get, for others difficult, and for still others impossible. A tight control of research, therefore, already exists. But does it work well ? Professor William McDougall's *World Chaos* and a collection of essays entitled

The Frustration of Science, suggest that it does not.

But, the reader may ask, do researchers, and especially whole-time researchers, ever worry about the lopsidedness of an advance in which the physical sciences are heavily endowed and the biological and social sciences starved? Do they not know that a boat rowed from one side only will eventually go backwards? Are they ever unhappy, for more than a few minutes, about their own work? It is, of course, impossible to generalize. Some of them, we know, are very unhappy, and admit it, in lectures and writing.

But here we encounter a common characteristic of the researcher, his special form of shyness; an endearing, an admirable, a maddening trait. And since, in England at least, shyness is regarded as a virtue (sympathetic, if occasionally incredulous French and American observers speak of it more in sorrow than in anger) it is not easy to discuss.

Let us consider the first, and probably the best, reason for the shyness of the *savant*. Many of the important things he discovers or knows, cannot be expressed readily in words. I heard of a mathematician replying to a scientific colleague who asked for information about relativity, "If you can't understand mathematics you can't understand relativity, and it's no good trying to explain it to you." Now, as a student of psychology, I suspect that the words "understand" and "explain" in that sentence may be a little ambiguous. But we might ask whether in non-mathematical subjects, of which there are many, or even in scientific subjects based upon mathematical calculation, it is really true that the most important facts cannot be expressed in words. Is it not equally possible that today hardly anyone is capable of such expression? Few who know the unremitting care with which a researcher will make his apparatus, the ruthlessness with which he will scrap or re-design it, the patience with which, when he fails in an experiment, he will try to understand why, ask themselves, "Has any modern researcher ever expended equal time, patience and skill upon trying to make clear to people who know far less than himself what he is driving at? Even if he did, who would respect him for it? If his exposition is not misunderstood or attached by his fellow experts, why should he bother?"

So the researcher gets on with his job, certain that if he succeeds he will be recognized in the " right " quarters. This two-fold assurance of sympathy from other specialists, and lack of sympathy from the ordinary public, often make a researcher doubly inclined to embrace the rôle of recluse. He minds his own business ; and concerning the desirability of that business he often has little doubt. Occasionally he may criticize the few people who are working along his own lines, but he is seldom worried by obscurity of exposition in other branches, even of his own science, since his job is to find out new things ; not to cavil at the work of others.

Professor John Laird* has pointed out the large number of different, even irreconcilable, meanings which the term " conditioned reflex " is made to carry in Pavlov's famous book. " Vagueness," says Professor Laird—with ample evidence—" could scarcely go farther." So far as I am aware, few brother physiologists did Pavlov this inestimable service of criticism. They were, presumably, too busy finding out other things, or too polite to interfere. And upon this neglected swamp of vagueness Dr. John B. Watson erected the famous leaning tower of behaviourism.

I should not like to imply that either appraisal or constructive criticism ought to come easily to all researchers. Perhaps, indeed, a certain narrowness of focus is necessary for lifelong happiness in detailed research over a limited field. The prospect of a rapid unbalanced increase in such minds is, however, alarming. " The dogs bark, the caravan moves on," proudly quotes the owner of the one-track research mind. " Yes, but where to ? " asks the man in the street.

Dr. C. G. Jung would regard the distinction I have drawn between the two kinds of university worker as that existing between the person whose thinking is extraverted—the clear and inspiring writer, teacher, and constructive critic—and the opposite type, whose thought is turned inwards, so that he thinks chiefly because of the private pleasure it gives him to think. To the introverted thinker, awareness that his knowledge has definite " rarity-value " is very pleasant. He may play an important part in discovering useful facts ; he is unlikely to be

**Philosophy*, October, 1934, p. 420.

in the van when such knowledge is to be popularized. This shyness is further illuminated by Jung, who suggests that possibly such an individual may have chosen research because he does not easily extravert his feelings. To him, a great attraction of solitary, or semi-solitary, research is the relatively small risk of making a fool of himself in the emotional sphere ; he flees from the real world which demands love and tenderness, into the half-real world of pure Reason, where laws are obeyed and things show that tidiness which people so distressingly lack. So the researcher's shyness fulfils a purpose ; even his *gaucherie* may be a social skill, not entirely caused by unconscious factors, as every professor knows.

It should be obvious that both types of mind have qualities needed in any university ; it is less obvious that both have serious defects. Those minds with light-house tendencies may regard all knowledge which cannot be transmitted easily to others as unimportant. When expounding a subject, they may succumb to the temptation to round-off its corners, to " groom " its face, to present man's onward stumblings towards knowledge as a triumphant series of unbroken successes. The other type, which for reasons now evident, I have called the " casserole " mind, does not radiate its hard-won flavours for the benefit of all and sundry ; preferring to enrich itself by absorbing its own juices. Yet too often it is reluctant to recognize new branches of knowledge and careless about people and events outside its own almost impermeable envelope. This type, in its single-mindedness, may develop a dangerous docility. Convinced that it must " get on with its job," it may not enquire into the nature either of the job or of the job-master. The single-minded are sometimes simple-minded, and occasionally the simple-minded are simpletons.

Enthusiasts for extra-mural and radio-education know where they stand with the pure casserole-mind. For him they offer no problem, because, being outside the walls, they do not exist. I for one do not envisage a university either as a mere lighthouse or as a tray of casseroles. Yet, if it were the first, I should like to know the colours of its beams, and if the second, something about the *chefs* who are going to decide what shall be cooked as well as who is to be allowed to partake of the fare provided.

THE POLITY OF PORTUGAL.

By William C. Atkinson.

ON May 28 last, with much beating of drums and waving of banners, Portugal celebrated the eleventh anniversary of the "Estado Novo." Under a blazing sun fifteen thousand members of the Portuguese Legion, followed by five thousand of the "Portuguese Youth," paraded down Lisbon's Avenue of Liberty and across Black Horse Square. The march past lasted over three hours. Meantime ten three-engined Junkers bombers and fifteen other fighting planes displayed their acrobatics. To the foreigner the only jarring note amid such resounding enthusiasm and legitimate pride was its unmistakably military character. The achievement of the "Estado Novo" is so considerable, the benefits it has conferred so general, that the regimentation of the civil population in its defence appears supererogatory. Either, one is tempted to argue, its vaunted stability is illusory, or this dictatorship is going the way of others in a policy of sensational window-dressing. By conjuring up enemies where none exists attention may be diverted from the embarrassments that do.

The Premier, Dr. Salazar, is known to have been long opposed to the idea of the Legion. The threat from Spain, should Franco lose, doubtless had much weight in his ultimate assent. Another possible justification lies in the hope that the discipline will inculcate some sense of civic responsibility and cohesion in a people notably innocent thereof. But the feverish campaign for recruits all over the country, the ingenuousness of responsible citizens when questioned concerning it, and the already abundant evidence of the pressure, direct and indirect, that can be applied to the non-conforming, are grounds for some disquiet concerning a regime that was till recently, if not liberal, at least non-provocative.

A dictatorship, clearly, it has always been, and nothing is

easier than to criticize it from the British point of view. Its Constitution guarantees all the basic liberties, and its practice annuls them. "Freedom to express one's thought in any way" is one of them. "Inviolability of domicile and of correspondence" is another. "Immunity from arrest or imprisonment save on a proper charge" is a third. A rigorous press censorship is only the mildest form of infraction of the first; the flaw in the second and third is a rider excluding from their provisions all attacks on the security of the State, which suffices to place the "free" citizen entirely at the mercy of the dreaded secret police. The rest is apt to be silence.

Few judgments of the tribunals are reported. A sentence of eight months' imprisonment on a charge of disseminating Communism, the eternal bugbear, concluded with the statement that the accused, having already spent that period in gaol, were being released forthwith. In Portugal one may "have the body" *ad lib.* One may go further and dispose of it, in Angola, Mozambique or Timor, and no questions need be asked. Freedom of opinion means freedom of opinion on anything save the regime. That is sacrosanct. The press is of an infinite sameness in consequence, and a notice, "The discussion of politics is forbidden," is on a fair way to kill conversation in public places.

Educationally the country has made scant progress since 1926. Primary education is still obligatory, but only on paper. The percentage of illiteracy, if doubtless less than the 67.80 of 1930, is still abnormally high. Only 1 in 175 of the population receives any higher education. The allocation to the building of schools in the 15-year £60,000,000 Reconstruction Plan launched in 1936 was £180,000 for the first year, as against £1,363,000 on re-equipment of the army, £882,000 on harbour works and £444,000 on public buildings. Speaking on the Plan, Salazar enumerated eleven heads of national effort; it was noticed that the provision of schools came last. The Secretariat of National Propaganda can furnish elaborate pamphlets on many aspects of national and imperial resurgence; it can furnish none on education, and leading educationists are happier when expounding the activity shown in cultural relations with other countries than on the theme of primary and secondary education at home.

Of the social services likewise it is officially admitted, from the Premier downward, that accomplishment has fallen far short of necessity. The standard of living for the vast majority of Portuguese could scarcely be lower. The figure of 1s. a day for the agricultural labourer, possibly *plus* wine and often *plus* a tiny plot of his own, is well known and still holds. In the country, in virtue of the ignorance of any fuller life, one may exist on incredibly little. But a woman unloading coal on the quayside in Oporto earns the same shilling, without the wine or the plot of land, and a man only 1s. 6d. A domestic servant, living in, may be had anywhere outside the capital for 9s. a month. Skilled labour is in a relatively stronger position, and may command some 3s. 6d. a day in the larger towns. It is perhaps the black-coated professions that are worst off of all. Education may take a man to a responsible position behind a bank counter, where he will have to keep up appearances, and possibly a family, on £4 10s. a month. The university professor is fortunate who draws the salary of a junior lecturer in this country.

And not all things are cheap. Portugal is now self-supporting in respect of her wheat crop, but the cost of production is higher than the world cost, and bread of a reasonable quality is little cheaper, if at all, than in England. Fruit is often as dear, and inferior in quality. Wine is cheap. Water one drinks at imminent risk, and bottled waters cost almost as much as wine. Taxation is heavy, and some 50% of it is indirect. Every tram ticket carries an impost, as does every notice publicly affixed —premises to let are indicated by a small square of paper, with no wording whatever, in the window—and the exaction of stamped paper for the smallest declaration that is to have legal validity is even to the lower classes a serious matter.

As Senhor Salazar has declared, however, his task would be very different were he prime minister in England. The "Estado Novo" must be criticized from a Portuguese viewpoint, and appraisal must begin with some comparison between the New State and the old. The history of the nineteenth century in Portugal makes clear why the very term "liberalism" is anathema there to-day. Wellington's exploits in the Peninsular War are piously remembered, and are recorded in his Portuguese titles. The sufferings of Portugal as a pawn in the Anglo-French

dispute did not end with his victories, and are also remembered. In 1820, with the overthrow of Beresford, a liberal Constitution of French inspiration started a still bitterer war of political parties, and Pedro IV.'s charter of 1826, based now on the English Constitution, confirmed the mischief. The responsibility of the English Constitution for a century of turmoil in the Latin countries of the Old World and the New has not yet been brought home to us as we deserve. When it has, we shall proclaim with more circumspection the absolute validity of its principles. In the closing quarter of the century republicanism complicated the issue. The rising in Oporto in 1901 proclaimed a Republic that lasted some few hours. In 1908 Carlos I. and his heir were assassinated. Two years later Manuel was driven into exile, and the monarchy came to an end.

The new Republic was launched, and was straightway tossed helplessly at the mercy of every wind of party passion and violence. Revolutions and *coups d'état* became normal. " Civil revolutionary " was a profession which one inscribed on one's visiting-card. In sixteen years there were sixteen revolutions and forty-three cabinets. Honesty of intention was not always absent; the capacity to govern was never present. Politics was not even a career, it was a game of shuttlecock, and the *arriviste* was rarely in office long enough to do more than feather his own nest.

The results of those sixteen years of chaos and corruption may be most readily seized in terms of finance. Deficits were piled on deficits. Parried from time to time by disastrous borrowing—as much as 11% was paid on Treasury Bills—the National Debt amounted at the end of the Republic to some £70,000,000. The currency fell to one thirty-third part of its gold value, and the cost of living increased twenty-five fold. Liberalism and democracy had touched rockbottom, and the final rising, by the Army, which put an end to the Republic on May 28, 1926, was genuinely acclaimed by the people at large.

The Army restored order, and order has ever since been put in the forefront of the Government programme. With the restoration of order, however, the legacy of financial chaos but stood out in greater relief. This the Army could not deal with.

and in 1927, as a last resort, the League of Nations was asked for a loan. After an enquiry by experts, which makes humiliating reading for the Portuguese, a loan was offered subject to League control of its administration. It proved the final indignity, and Portuguese pride rejected it. Dr. Salazar, of the Chair of Economics of Coimbra University, who had already been Minister of Finance for three days in June, 1926, was invited to take up the task again. On April 27, 1928, he re-entered the Cabinet; four years later he became Prime Minister. He is still at the helm, and can boast that under his control the ship of State has never deviated from its forward course.

His policy in the beginning had nothing novel in it, except for Portugal. It was simply the application of the strictest financial integrity in every aspect of government, the rigorous subordination of every spending department to the Finance Minister's approval, and a general tightening of the belt until luxuries could once more be afforded. For eight years now the Portuguese budget has shown an annual surplus. The manner of presenting this is unusual in its failure to delimit clearly ordinary and extraordinary expenditure, but suspicious foreign economists have never been able to demonstrate that the surplus is not a real one.

This phenomenon of a stable and prosperous Portugal over a decade has been held to rest largely on the assumption that Senhor Salazar is phenomenal. All attempts to assess the regime and its future must take into account the overwhelming part played by a man who may seem in many respects the least Portuguese of Portuguese. Of a probity unknown in politics for over a century, and profoundly religious, his manner of life is that of an ascetic. His distaste for publicity has never been concealed. Every year he attends two official banquets, and for the rest emerges from his retreat only to give account of his stewardship. He is no orator, in the Portuguese sense of the term: his public speeches over nine years make a small volume, if rich in thought. Refusing all perquisites of office, he retains and receives only his salary as professor at Coimbra. The tales told of his austerity are legion. Codfish *à la* Salazar is potatoes without the cod.

Yet the fact is rather that such a type is new only in politics. In his essential qualities, his seriousness and integrity, his religious fervour, his unostentatious pertinacity, Salazar represents the essence of the traditional Portuguese character. His emergence from the people—his father was a village innkeeper—to oust the politicians is thus to the people the happiest of omens.

From the beginning the dictator has justified his dictatorship on the ground that the Portuguese people had to be saved against their will, saved from themselves. Certain aspects of the social tradition and of the national temperament have in fact always been hostile to ordered progress, and little enquiry is necessary to convince the observer that where the pace has been slow or where liberties that to us are vital have been in suspense the explanation lies in the human factor. In the first stages of his reforms Salazar's problems were financial, and could be made amenable to objective treatment. Economic problems are less so, social ones impossibly so, and it is here that government by decree breaks down. The State's solicitude for justice has been noted. Instances abound to show the recalcitrance of the national character to sudden reform. Judges pronounce, and do not hesitate to declare openly that they pronounce, by the heart rather than by the head. Individuals are thrown into prison as a precautionary measure, and may lie there forgotten until chance restores their legal existence.

Wherever initiative has to be delegated, there inevitably the casualness of tradition reasserts itself. It is now three years since the sinking of the *Orania* blocked the harbour of Oporto. Salvage was entrusted to the firm which raised the German warships at Scapa Flow, and four or five times the vessel was brought to the surface; but every time, for some perfectly good Portuguese reason, it went back to the bottom, and Oporto ("The Port") is still without its harbour. Many aspects of social regeneration can only be achieved by persuasion, and it is an uphill task.

It is probable that no attack on liberty of thought so effectively riles British sentiment as victimisation in academic circles. In Portugal, as in Spain, much of the opposition to any regime inevitably centres in the universities, in virtue of the dispro-

portionate vocalism given to professors and students by the illiteracy of the vast majority of their fellows. The dictator came from Coimbra, the Oxford of Portugal, and Coimbra has since felt his displeasure. Among other disciplinary measures it has been deprived of its University Press, long famous wherever scholarship is held in honour. The State, however, is responsible for education : it can scarcely acquiesce in the abuse of this for subversive purposes. It must be borne in mind that the professor or teacher in Portugal is a civil servant who has sworn fealty to the regime. As much is required of him as we require of our civil servants ; no more.

Charges of obscurantism have naturally resulted. In particular, Salazar's dictum that a knowledge of reading, writing and counting suffices for the vast majority of Portuguese is remembered against him. Yet education is a means to an end, and the " Estado Novo " requires that the end should always be clear. In the task of fitting the peasant to make the most of the life he must lead many considerations take precedence of any bookish education beyond the simplest. To aim at the three R's for all is in itself sufficiently ambitious for many years to come. Educational expansion, moreover, comes back in the end to finance, and the order and stability that have been without price to the country for the past eleven years are due largely to the very slowness of the pace. The first decade of the New State, as the Premier said on its completion, was one simply of restoration. The second is to be one of expansion, based on still heavier sacrifice.

Another aspect of the educational position strikes at the root of the whole conception behind the regime. Whatever this may be, it is not totalitarian. It neither aims at nor permits any deification of the State. If it will suffer no questioning of its authority, neither will it consider authority as more than an instrument. The social and ethical significance of the family figures high among the " everlasting dogmas " of its creed—religion, fatherland, the right and the obligation to work, are others—and education is first and foremost a prerogative of the family. The State guarantees the facilities, but prefers not to assume the initiative. A large part of primary education is in the hands of private schools, duly approved and inspected,

and this deliberate policy is pertinent to the apparent lack of progress. Elsewhere it is laid down that primary education may be given in the home.

A planned economy is what the " Estado Novo " now seeks to build up, and no monument of the new regime is more significant that the imposing Institute of Statistics in Lisbon, charged with laying the scientific basis of the edifice. In this sphere corporativism is, in Salazar's words, " the battle of the future." Its objective is the rationalizing of industry by means of collective contracts between the national syndicates of workers and the employers' associations. These contracts must lay down the hours, wages and conditions of labour, they must provide for a weekly day of rest and holidays with pay, guarantee against sudden loss of employment and cover insurance. The contract, once approved by the State, becomes binding on all employers and employees whether represented or not in the association or syndicate in question, and alike strikes and lock-outs are thenceforth illegal.

These national groupings of capital and labour are the first element in the corporative organisation of the State. The ultimate stage is the corporation, representing the unified interests of all elements of production in a given sphere, whether industrial, commercial or intellectual. Thus (*vide* Article 45 of the National Statute of Labour) " the corporations represent integrally the activities of the nation ; it falls to them in consequence, through their different organs, to take part in the election of municipal and provincial councils and, finally, in the constitution of the Corporative Chamber." This Corporative Chamber is the upper house in Parliament, and by the direct intervention of the corporations in legislation the welfare of Portugal as a whole is thus intimately linked up with that of the regime. On this reasoning, Salazar claims, Portugal *is* the " Estado Novo," and opposition to the regime becomes treason against the State. The battle is now engaged. It will be long yet before it can be counted won. Of the twenty-four corporations projected many are still unorganized, and the human factor may upset the best-laid schemes. But the success, for example, of the Sardine Consortium in introducing order in a major industry that had developed since the War in very un-

sound conditions may be taken as an omen in a land where the science of government has never had a chance till now.

Opposition to the regime there undoubtedly is. It comes from three sources : the political careerists of the old party system, who find themselves without a future, a probably substantial section of the student class, defiant under the prohibition of free speech and agin' the Government on principle, and various dissident elements in the armed forces, where socialist propaganda has traded on their exclusion at long last from politics. To some extent also there exists a sullen opposition among sections of the peasantry ; no longer free to tread simply in the well-worn paths of their forefathers, and harassed by a host of regulations and penalties they often cannot read, they are handicapped in the envisaging of anything so distant as the common good. But these hostile nuclei are at once uncoordinated and unconstructive. The effect of bombs here and mutinies there is nil, save in their propaganda value for the Portuguese Legion.* The dispossessed politicians, dared they conspire, have no formula but a return to the morass prior to 1926. Students have their clandestine organisations, the Anti-Fascist Academic Block, the Communist Group, each with its surreptitious sheet. There is much demagoguery in these, but no doctrine. Were the nation asked again for a verdict, it would still be unequivocal.

In two specific directions liberty has disappeared : the citizen may not voice, or organize, political opposition, and the individual may not pursue his economic interests without regard to those of his fellows. Much has been gained in return, and the average Portuguese has cause to be well pleased with the bargain. In regard to the former it seems at least not excessive to demand that the political development of Portugal—Dr. Salazar is the first to recognise that the dictatorship cannot last for ever—should proceed henceforth by evolution and not by revolution. Of revolutions the country has had its share, and the country knows it.

*On July 4 an attempt was made to assassinate Dr. Salazar by a bomb explosion outside his private chapel just as he arrived for Mass. Though his car was enveloped in clouds of dust and smoke, the Premier emerged unhurt.

A WILTSHIRE LAD.*

By Henry Williamson.

RICHARD JEFFERIES was the son of a Wiltshire farmer. He was a genius, a visionary whose thought and feeling were wide as the human world, prophet of an age not yet come into being—the age of sun, of harmony. He was derided in his father's house, upbraided for idleness and stupidity; considered "looney" by the neighbours. Since a man can be truly friends with his peers only, Jefferies was friendless to his life's end.

During his boyhood and youth he lived at Coate Farm, in the parish of Chisledon, near Swindon. The farm lay under the chalk downs. Behind the farmhouse were trees, and then a broad sheet of water, with reeds and rushes and wildfowl, and two islets near the shore. Pike lived in there, with roach and rudd and perch, and other fish. From his boyhood memories of this place the best boys' book in England was written: *Bevis: the Story of a Boy.*

After his death, there was some controversy about whether or no he died a Christian. His life's work was indignantly attacked in the press. During his lifetime Jefferies had to fight against much un-understanding; and it wore him to an early death.

The century that slew him passed away, and still he remained insufficiently esteemed. The following is typical. Thirty-three years after his death, when I was a reporter in Fleet Street, I was talking to an old literary gentleman about Jefferies. The old chap was a special writer for an evening paper; he was a scholar whose writings were famous to a small circle only, and to first-edition collectors. He was always violently bitter about the British public. "Don't try and write for a living: keep pigs," was his immediate reply to the young aspirant who approached

*An abridged chapter from *Richard Jefferies*, published this month by Messrs. Faber & Faber.

him timidly in the little room, always lit by artificial light, where he worked.

One day, meeting him in the corridor, I dared to ask if he liked the works of Richard Jefferies. "Jefferies? A mere cataloguer of sights and sounds," he replied, and had nothing more to say; and I knew then, what I had suspected, that he had not that *something* which marks out a writer of genius from the writer who is scholarly, pretentious, literary, whose work is a gilt of borrowed gold, imitation of poetic vision. (This was probably youthful intolerance: for he was a passionate writer.) When I saw him coming along a passage, I used to turn away and hide. He had called my Jefferies a "mere cataloguer."

Richard Jefferies was a poor man who in moments of inspiration believed himself to be one of the foremost prophetic thinkers and writers of the world. The world did not think so. He was born in 1848, and he died in 1887, aged thirty-eight years. During the later part of his life he was ill as well as poor; and for two years before his death, he lived in perpetual agony. Some doctors thought his illness was imaginary, that he was a hypochrondriac, that the wasting away of his body and the perpetual pains he suffered were due to hysteria. Actually he suffered from tuberculosis of the lungs and intestines, and the intestines were ulcerated as well. Also he had fistula, which is a most torturing thing. All during his life he was working: and the theme of his work was the creation of, the burning hope for, a better, truer, more sunlit world of men.

Jefferies was born two, perhaps three, generations before his time. In May, 1925, nearly forty years after his death, I made a journey to his birthplace, and stared at the farmhouse where he had been born, at the gable window from which he had looked when writing his first pages. I walked round the broad or lake, and thought how much smaller it was than in *Bevis*. It had been made into a public bathing-place, with huts and rails and diving boards; but the fish were still there. There was talk of turning the farmhouse into a Jefferies museum for a memorial. Soon nothing, I thought, would be left of the place as he knew it, except in those pages of his which glowed and shone with ancient sunlight. While I was musing thus, standing in the roadway before the farm, an old woman came out of a small cot of tarred

wood, obviously the work of a labouring man, and scrutinized me. The little black house stood under a hawthorn, then in pink blossom. "Come to see the house where Loony Dick was born, have ye?" she enquired. We talked for some time. She was remarkable for her vivacity and straight way of looking at things. Years before the War she had adopted a foundling or waif from the Union or workhouse; raised him as her own child, found him a job when grown up; and then the War came, and killed him. What she could not make up her mind about at the moment, she told me, was whether or not to adopt another "chiel." There were plenty of 'm about, she declared, since the soldiers had gone. Was she too old, did I think? I said, surely not, that she had many years to live. Don't ye be too sure, she said, and defied me to guess her age. Sixty? I said. "Git out," she replied, "I knew Loony Dick as a boy, didn't I tell 'ee just now? Moony Dick, some called him. A lazy loppet, he was, too. A proper atheist. Lots of folks asked me if I have read those books. Why should I read them? I know it all as well as he. He can't tell me anything new. I've had to work all my life. Why should I read in books what most folks knows already?"

All the strain and desperation in much of Jefferies' writings, and his sickness and premature death, can be traced to the human surroundings of his childhood, youth, and early manhood. Those who called him, to his face, Loony Dick, or Lazy Loppet, who laughed at his aspirations and derided his early efforts to be a writer, were to him so narrow and warped and ruined that he could say nothing to them. The poor boy with the instincts of an aristocrat shut himself away from them; he lived in books, and wandered on the downs, spreading himself in the air and grass and sky until he was recharged with vitality and hope, and made eager once again for a fuller, a happier life for all the warped and ruined human minds he saw about him in both the slums of Swindon and his own hamlet.

After he had left school, the young Jefferies, a mixture of indolence and sharp imperiousness, got a job on a local paper, the *North Wilts Herald*. At night he wrote novels and romances in the seclusion of the gable room, which had a pear tree trained against the outer wall. *Caesar Borgia, or the King of Crime*;

Verses on the Exile of the Prince Imperial; *Fortune, or the Art of Success* (he sent this to Disraeli, who returned it with a tactfully insincere letter); *Only a Girl*—how he worked, burning candle after candle beyond midnight and into dawn!

Work on a country newspaper is good training for a young writer. There is not the hurried pressure and thwarting of nervous energy as in supplying small and often silly news stories for Fleet Street newspapers; there is no perpetual callousing and humiliation of feelings, no distortion of truth in the manufacture of "news." A country newspaper is usually tactful, kindly, and its detail truthful. The meticulous gathering of names and facts of the little things of country life—the more names the better for the circulation of the paper—may be dull at times; but it is not degrading. And the young Jefferies was fortunate in having a sympathetic editor who believed that his young reporter had a distinct talent for writing.

This editor's belief was justified when, at the age of twenty-four, Jefferies wrote a long letter to *The Times* in London about the Wiltshire Labourer; and *The Times* printed it in full, several thousand words. It was read and discussed in Swindon; the writer became a local figure. His chance! He found himself, suddenly, to be an authority on agriculture.

Imagine the tall, loose-limbed young man striding home from Swindon, paler than usual, the large blue eyes in the softly brown bearded face almost lifeless in the reaction of excitement, entering his father's house with an added lassitude of his drooping mouth and narrow shoulders, to stand about, silently, almost dully, and say casually, "My letter's in." "What letter, Dick?" asks his mother, ironing on the kitchen table. "In the paper." "The *Standard*? It's early this week, isn't it?" "No, not that. I mean *The Times*." His mother glances at it, and puts it down, while her son waits like a hawk for what she will not say. She says she is too busy just now, but will read it later; and he goes up into his room beside the cheese loft, and flops down in his chair, and feels more desperately than ever the awful deadness and dullness of house life and "civilized" people. They will never understand. After supper he has violent indigestion, and cannot write a word of the new novel.

But he has begun. One day they will know what their son *is*.

In those days, before compulsory schooling taught nearly everyone to read, there were in England newspapers and periodicals which were written almost entirely by knowledgeable, or professional, writers. Among them were *Fraser's Magazine*, *The New Quarterly*, *The Pall Mall Gazette*, *The Fortnightly*, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and others. The editors of these papers and magazines, attracted by the letter in *The Times*, began to ask for and to print Jefferies' essays. A London evening newspaper, *The Pall Mall Gazette*, published a series of his articles, anonymously, under the title of *The Gamekeeper at Home, or, Sketches of Natural History and Rural Life*; and then another series, *Wild Life in a Southern County*. When these were reprinted in book form, Jefferies was acclaimed as a writer in the class of White of Selborne, and a public of discriminating sportsmen and country people began to look out for everything he wrote.

He was married now, to the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, and had a son. After the wedding the young couple had lived at Coate Farm, but soon found that life there was not possible; the ideas of the old people smothered the inspiration of the young author. So they took rooms in Swindon. Then, to be nearer editors, they moved to the suburbs of London, first to Sydenham and then to Surbiton. He worked every day; and the work of this period was always on a high level—informative and of the authentic countryside. Sometimes it was inclined to be static; for he had to write every day to support wife and family. It was then that other lesser writers began to use the label "cataloguer."

Most young writers who have had a sudden success ease up for a while, and thereby lose their form. Not so Jefferies. He wrote as before, novels and essays. In a recent critical appreciation of Jefferies, by a living writer who is also a Wiltshire man, I was shocked to read the opinion that all the Jefferies' novels could be "thrown into the wastepaper basket." But there are some beautiful things in the novels, even in the very early ones, when Jefferies was writing of scenes or incidents he had observed. Most of the early novels have scenes and characters based on what he had read in boyhood and youth; novels based on the fictional idiom of the day, and therefore blind or conventional

writing. But among the novels are the exquisite *Green Ferne Farm*, and *The Dewy Morn*, and *Amaryllis at the Fair*, one of the most lovely, calm, and balanced novels of country life and people in our literature. There is a naturalness, a bloom on *Amaryllis* which is not to be found in any of the novels of Hardy or the books of Hudson ; and Hardy in the authenticity and detail of his country scenes is in the very rare first class with Shakespeare.

What is meant by the term " very rare first class ? " Let me try and explain this as a thing occurring in certain men and women, and why it occurs. The first-class writer always has first-class eyes. Often he is solitary from his companions in youth because they do not see so quickly or so widely as he does, and therefore do not think so quickly or so plainly, and tend to ridicule what to them is not usual or ordinary.

It is as wretched for a slow-seeing person to be with a quick-seeing person, after the fact of difference has been established, as it is for the quick one to be with the slow one. Jefferies knew no one like himself, so he kept by himself. The derision and smallness of his fellows sealed him away from them ; he was forced into solitude, where his enlarged and numerous faculties watched the actions of other life—clouds, grass, birds, fish, and natural men. He began to perceive why things happened ; and reacted violently from conventional religion because it did not perceive how things happened. He judged religion by its ordinary exponents : the unintelligent mediocrity, men with minds spoiled in early life. In his lonely meditations on the downs he thought about the people in the houses and fields below and wondered how their lives could be made happier. In such solitude it was inevitable that he should strain to perceive or discover the meaning of life: to strain after that meaning, to try and force his thought through space to a definite meaning.

In the world of men speech came before writing : sound of words before sight of words. The first-rate writer always has a fine ear. He may be deaf in later life ; but when young he must have *heard* acutely, as well as have *seen* unconsciously to prepare the quality and substance of his writing. He writes by ear, balancing his sentences, sometimes automatically, but usually deliberately, for their *inner* music, which is the essence of life.

It is an alchemic process, a spirit arising from a blend of transmuted sight-records and ear-records.

All writing of the first class comes from exceptional sight and hearing, and insight arises from stored physical impressions of sight and sound. Those who observe quickly and vividly hold us with their detail, which is fresh and vivid ; and they hold our attention because, being quick and vivid, their stories or pages have a flow which carries the reader. Now, the rare first-class writer has, in addition to keen sight and hearing (it may be because of them), feelings or emotions which are equally keen. He has the keenness of a wild animal. He is natural. He is an authentic animation of the sun.

And because he is wild, natural, it is probable that he will be repressed and thwarted and made miserable in helpless childhood. This may cause him to be an ineffectual rebel, a liar, a bit of a thief, deceitful—if he has parents or mentors who, themselves victims of a repressive and unnatural upbringing, are without true or natural understanding and sympathy. Part of his natural integrity will thus be maimed ; and that part will grow inwards, and perhaps mortify, and be the source of desperately sad resurrectional poetry and dream and vision later in life. This is what happened to Shelley, to Byron, to Francis Thompson, to Shakespeare (who outgrew his Hamlet) to Jefferies, to D. H. Lawrence, among many others in our literature.

It can be said of all of them, facilely, superficially, that they have a dual or multiple personality ; but the truth, or cause, is written above. Jefferies has two distinct styles. One of them is straightforward and concrete : the style of a natural man. The other is a candent, and often incandescent, flow of words driven from him, as he wrote, by his dæmon (in Shelleyan language) : the dæmon being his repressed or mortified self. It is this part of a man that strives to reach to God : the death, or mortification, in him striving to overcome his life.

Because of these two distinct styles, both of them authentic, Jefferies has two kinds of reading public. The one appreciates his straightforward descriptions of country scenes and characters, such as are to be found in *The Amateur Poacher*, *Wild Life in a Southern County*, and *Hodge and His Masters* ; and this kind of

reader does not like *The Story of My Heart* and the later essays wherein he wrote about himself and his own feelings. And there is the second kind of reader, who is pathologically akin to Jefferies, who prefers his introspective, sensuous writings to his matter-of-fact chapters.

It is always dangerous for a writer to write about himself and his own feelings ; but when there is an intensity and power behind them he produces a flow, a blend of sensuous records with emotion ; and this is called poetry.

If circumstances or fate permit the metaphysical poet to outgrow the effects of his early mortifications, and through natural love accompanied by hard physical work (the natural life) to reassert himself to himself, he will become one of the rare first class, like Shakespeare, who, by virtue of his own experiences, real and imagined, understood all human actions and characters with clarity and the sweetness of truth. Such men are born leaders of men ; but early circumstance drives them within themselves, and out of that inner mortification, from their own slain image, they strive to recreate the world. A visionary poet is a frustrated man of action. The natural poet, a very rare thing, is joyous and therefore the friend of all, the born leader, the truly civilized man.

Richard Jefferies, the Wiltshire farmer's son, perceived this ; and formulated much of it into words half a century before the World War, by whose glare and shock men began to perceive, beyond the faults of their past lives and education and upbringing and conventions and limitations, the idea of a new world, a natural world, a world wherein men would be happy because of the new wideness of thought arising, phœnix-like, from the mortifying battlefields. Of this world there have been many prophets whose thought arises into life from faraway centuries and civilizations ; and the greatest of them is Jesus of Nazareth. This was the realization of Richard Jefferies during the last days of his life : the attar of his wisdom.

Thus for the mind of Jefferies.

And of the dying man himself, what can be said ? He wrote, in his last year, " Three giants are against me—disease, despair, and poverty."

My wearied and exhausted system constantly craves rest. My brain is always asking for rest. I never sleep. I have not slept now for five years properly, always waking, with broken bits of sleep, and restlessness, and in the morning I get up more weary than I went to bed. Rest, that is what I need. You thought naturally that it was work I needed ; but I have been at work, and next time I will tell you all of it. It is not work, it is *rest* for the brain and the nervous system. I have always had a suspicion that it was the ceaseless work that caused me to go wrong at first.

It has taken me a long time to write this letter ; it will take you but a few minutes to read it. Had you not sent me to the sea in the spring I do not think that I should have been alive to write it.

An artist friend has described his physical end in words that can hardly be read, by those who love Jefferies' work, without tears.

It was in the early summer, two or three months before his death, that I saw Jefferies for the last time alive. He had then been living at Goring for some short time, and this was my first visit to him there. I was pleased to find that his house was far pleasanter than the dreary and bleak cottage which he had rented at Crowborough. It had a view of the sea, a warm southern exposure, and a good and interesting garden : in one corner a quaint little arbour, with a pole and vane, and near this centre a genuine old-fashioned draw-well. Poor fellow ! Painfully, with short breathing, and supported on one side by Mrs. Jefferies and on the other by myself, he walked round this enclosure, noticing and drawing our attention to all kinds of queer little natural objects and facts. Between the well and the arbour was a heap of rough, loose stones, overgrown by various creeping flowers. This was the home of a common snake, discovered there by Harold and poor Jefferies stood, supported by us, a yard or so away and peered into every little cranny and under every leaf with eyes well used to such a search until some tiny gleam, some minute cold glint of light, betrayed the snake. Weakness and pain seemed forgotten for the moment—alas ! only for the moment. . . .

He died at Goring at half-past two on Sunday morning, August 14, 1887. His soul was released from a body wasted to a skeleton by six long weary years of illness. For nearly two years he had been too weak to write, and all his delightful work, during that period, was written by his wife from his dictation. Who can picture the torture of these long years to him denied as he was the strength to walk so much as one hundred yards in the world he loved so well ? What hero like this, fighting with Death face to face so long, fearing and knowing, alas ! too well, that no struggles could avail, and, worse than all, that his dear ones would be left friendless and penniless. Thus died a man whose name will be first, perhaps for ever, in his own special work.

THE CONCERT.

By Bruno Frank.

Translated by Barbara Hallewell.

THE *Geheime-Kommissionsrat* Heuduck, at one time a well-known concert and threatrical agent, was seventy-eight when I met him. Today, were he still alive, he would be a hundred. He was an exceptionally well-preserved and vigorous old man, stately in appearance in spite of his small stature, which was indeed so small that I, who am not tall, could hold his walking-stick with my arm at full length without its touching the ground—an experiment which I must confess I was very fond of making on the quiet in his hall on the many occasions of my comings and goings.

I had met Heuduck in the University reading-room, and I enjoyed going to see him. He had a comfortable house half way up the Burgberg, and he served wines which I was not slow to appreciate. Even today I can still feel on my tongue the caressing fire of a certain Haut Brion. And then he was the first person I ever heard telling stories. He adored telling stories, and I suppose he considered me as nothing more nor less than an enthusiastic listener—he certainly never showed the slightest interest in my personal affairs. The attraction lay for me not alone in the fact that he told stories but in the subject of his telling. And the subject, which never varied, was—Fame.

In the ears of a young man, Fame is an important word. The sound of it never failed to send a thrill through me in those days. One grows out of it later. One learns that fame is due to luck, to misunderstanding, to the stupidity of the public, one sees "fame's holy crown defiled on common brows" and learns to think one's own private sceptical thoughts on the subject. But for the boy of eighteen that I then was, there was an almost magical charm in this little old man who all his life

had dealt in fame, produced and cultivated fame, helped to reap fame. He talked of nothing else. He would take me into a room where the walls were covered with photographs of former opera and stage celebrities, and he would show me albums full of photographs, some in daguerreotype, where white-shirted chests covered with decorations succeeded one another in formidable array and billowing ball frocks long since laid away for good displayed themselves on the faded pages—for the most part they were a succession of trivial and empty faces which had decayed years ago in neglected graves, leaving no echo behind. But one face caught and held my attention—the face of a man still young, bearded in accordance with the fashion of his time, with a noble forehead and a pair of wistful eyes.

" And who was he ? " I asked.

" Ah, he, my good young friend," replied Heuduck, " he was the best of them all. At that time we had two baritones who enjoyed an almost equal reputation with the concert-going public—this man, Carra, about whom you are asking, and a man called Aldringer. As different as they could be. Carra, a quiet, serious man, who had gone through the refining process of sorrow, for he had lost both his young wife and his little daughter in one night during an epidemic—and Aldringer, a dominant, rapacious man, possessed by ambition and a lust for women, full-faced, full-blooded, with a chest like a prize-fighter.

The rivalry between them was intense—or no, the phrase is inapt, for the intensity was all on Aldringer's side. I was agent for both of them, that was quite usual in those days when we still did things on a small scale. As you can imagine, my good young man, it was no use Aldringer's counting on me as an accomplice against Carra. I looked upon Aldringer as a brute of a man with a tremendous voice which brought me in a good commission—and there it ended as far as I was concerned.

But he had no need of my co-operation. He was quite capable of organizing his own jealous intrigues without me. It was no coincidence that catcalls interrupted the most delicate passages at almost every concert given by Carra. And it became apparent what an advantage it is for a man if he can sit up all night drinking—there seems to be a low type of

journalist who finds it hard to deny a favour to a man who treats him to a night's hard drinking, and who will readily agree to sling a poisoned arrow at his host's rival from time to time.

You must not compare such attacks with present-day methods, my boy. We express our hatreds more violently nowadays. But Carra was sensitive, thin-skinned, the doses were strong enough for him. Naturally, all this business made no difference to the public's opinion of him. He had that precious something after which the mighty-voiced wine-bibber strove in vain—he had glamour. Very probably nowadays we should consider his pure marble brow too sentimentally romantic, but his looks were in accordance with the ideal of his time, and his sad smooth voice moved more deeply than the other's rich organ.

Well, the concert I am coming to was one of the last I ever arranged. I was no longer as young as I had been, and no longer quite up to coping with that race of madmen who are known as artistes. But that evening just put the finishing touch on me. I never wanted to see another concert hall. I retired after it, and from that day to this I have lived here, with my turkeys and my dogs, and today I could not even tell you the names of the poor wretches on whom God has bestowed the gift of a great voice and who are still competing for the palm of victory on all the concert platforms of the world.

Well, the hall was full—and it was the biggest hall Berlin could provide in those days. I remember how gratified I was five minutes before the beginning to see that there was not an empty seat left in the hall—except just one, right in the middle of the front row. Carra and I were both watching this empty seat through the little glass window in the platform doors—I remember how Carra had to stoop to look through, though it was on a level with my eyes. And at last the latecomer arrived—a nondescript sort of man he seemed, middle-aged, completely bald, with a sullen, sleepy expression on his face.

The accompanist took his place at the piano. Carra stepped forward. He was greeted by applause, warm, affectionate, long-sustained applause.

His programme, which we had arranged together, consisted of two contrasting parts, a first part of classical music, and then after the interval a popular operatic selection.

He began with the famous aria from Handel's "Messiah," then he gave in Italian Gluck's lovely "O del mio dolce ardor," which was followed by Bach's Cantata 56, perhaps the most difficult of all Bach's two hundred cantatas. He sang it so superbly, with such perfect nobility, that the audience was filled with delight. As I watched through my little window, I could see the faces in the front rows transformed by pleasure, admiration and emotion. The individual who was sitting in the middle of the front row, the one who had arrived late, was the only one to remain unmoved. He sat there quite withdrawn expressionless, and when Carra had finished, his hands remained folded. It looked so strange, his frozen, blunt refusal to join in the general enthusiasm, directly exposed as he was to the singer's gaze.

And then Carra came to Beethoven. I noticed how he moved away from the piano, so that he was immediately opposite the man he had failed to move, and from that position he sang in succession, "Ich liebe Dich," "An die Hoffnung," and finally the love-shimmering "Adelaide."

It was the end of the first part of the programme, and delighted applause came to my ears like the sound of a rising storm. Carra came to me in my little room, pale, exhausted, exasperated. And he said just what I was expecting him to say—

"Have you seen that man in the front row?"

"What man?"

"The one who never moves. The one who stares."

"What on earth are you talking about? For Heaven's sake, go and show yourself. They're bringing the house down;"

He mopped his forehead, took his music, and went out. The roaring sound of the applause was at once succeeded by a rapt silence. The accompanist played the introductory bars of an encore. I opened the door a little. Carra was singing :—

"Denn es gehet dem Menschen wie dem Vieh, wie dies stirbt, so stirbt er auch, und haben alle einerlei Odem, denn es ist alles eitel, denn es ist alles eitel."

It sounded like Brahms to me. A song of exalted and manly resignation. And Carra sang all four of the "Ernsten Gesänge," which were new at that time, and ended with that

wonderful song based on Paul's words, " Aber die Liebe ist die grösseste unter ihnen."

The audience was on its feet. It was the first time they had heard the song. They called out, waved. But Carra left the platform at once. " Did you see him, he's sitting there as though he were made of stone ! I can't touch him ! I can't get over to him ! I can't make any impression . . ." and he threw himself on the divan. He had opened his shirt, and he now laid a damp cloth on his heart.

I went to my little window. There were very few occupied seats, most of the people had gone out for the interval ; but there, all alone in the front row, was the bald, expressionless man, still staring in front of him. There was something uncanny about him, and the situation began to get on my nerves too.

" Look here, Carra," I said, " I'm going to invent a message and send somebody to that man. He's got to go. He can sue us afterwards if he wants. But I'm not going to have you upset like this." But he refused to let me go. " Just you wait," he said, " I'll strike a spark out of that block of wood yet—even if it kills me ; "

The bell went. And the duel began.

I'm not going to describe it round by round to you, my young friend, I'm not going to have you shrugging your shoulders and thinking what an old romancer I am. The fact was that I had caught Carra's state of nerves, and whilst he sang his Bellini and Weber arias, followed by two of Verdi's and the Canzonetta from " Don Juan," I was gazing as though hypnotized at that curséd fellow, who remained like a rock amidst a raging sea of applause. I could have strangled him, especially when at one point I saw Carra turn round and cast a frenzied glance at the little window behind which he knew me to be watching.

It wrung my heart to see him out there, singing the very soul out of his body, failing to find any enjoyment in the mastery of his art, failing to enter into his own triumph because of the one man he could not move. That one man, who might perhaps have been sent with a free ticket, that one man, who was perhaps an idiot, who had perhaps no appreciation of music, or who was perhaps a despicable snob who imagined clapping to be beneath

his dignity . . . Poor Carra embodied for me all the striving of mankind, all the hopeless yearning of one heart to another, all the struggle of a proud will against the opposition of a dull world.

An idea suddenly struck me . . . could this be a plot? Was it possible that Aldringer had planted this creature in the front row, hoping to disturb his rival, to distress him and damage him? He well knew Carra's sensitiveness . . . Whatever the truth might be, there was only one more item on the programme—the last item, and then, Heaven be praised, it would all be over!

At this moment, Carra moved forward right to the edge of the platform, so far that he could have touched the bald-headed man with his outstretched hand. He was preparing himself for the final, decisive round.

His weapon was a powerful one. For the last item was one of his star turns, everybody was waiting for it, indeed there must have been many in the audience who had come especially to hear it. It was the famous aria, so full of bravado, and so well-loved from "*Il Barbiere di Seviglia*," Rossini's immortal masterpiece—Figaro's triumphant song in honour of his skill, his circumspection and his indispensability, but far away and above all that a song of rejoicing and of welcome to life, a scurrilous hymn to the pleasure of existence and excitement, which is always trying to surpass itself, which springs repeatedly from ever changing and ever fresh starts, storming forth in wild accelerandi and crescendi, interrupted ever and again by song dialogue of sovereign drollity.

"Room for the city's factotum here; Aye, room!" Carra sang into the unmoved mask before him, "Quick to my business, daylight is near, Aye, quick!" Enchanted, amused, enthusiastic, the audience hung on his words. But behind the scenes, I was beginning to be frightened. I took up an opera glass and studied the enemy's face. There was not a flicker of expression on it. Had he then no laughter? Surely, he was not human!

"Life's sweetest blossomings twine round that arbour, housing the barber Seville holds dear! Ah, bravo, Figaro, bravo, bravissimo, bravo! Fortunate Figaro, truly I know, bravo!"

I had put aside the opera glasses. Something had crept into

Carra's voice, a something which made me listen even more intently—he was singing with such an intensity of expression that I began to doubt whether he would be able to carry the difficult aria through to its climax. I saw his shoulders twitching He was leaning forward, he was singing for one man only, singing right into the man's face—surely, surely, he must succeed the result must come, those eyes must come to life—and then, glorious relief, the battle would be won !

" All are desiring me, ever requiring me,
Paupers or patrons, maidens or matrons,
' Give my perruque, sir ! ' ' Quick to my whisker ! '
Figaro, Figaro, Figaro, Figaro !
Figaro, Figaro, Figaro, Figaro !
Alas, alas ! what hurry ! Alas, what folly !
Two at once now I cannot bear, I cannot bear . . .

I tore open the door, rushed towards him, jumped down from the platform. There was panic-striken horror in the place, questions, murmurs, screams, a crowd pushing its way towards the platform, where the accompanist stood aghast. Everybody was on their feet and surging around us, except the one man in the front row, who remained seated with the same dull expression on his face. A little free space had been left around him. For Carra had fallen on to him and now lay, face downwards, with his head on the enemy's feet.

I knelt down. I raised him in my arms. But a little stream of blood was trickling from his mouth. He was dead . . ."

It was a while before I broke the silence which fell on us as Heuduck finished his tale.

" And were you right ? " I asked at last in a hushed voice, ' was the man Aldringer's tool ? "

Heuduck nodded.

" But what man could be so vile as to lend himself for such a purpose ? What a brute of a man he must have been, to do a thing like that in cold blood . . ."

" No, he was not a brute of a man," Heuduck replied in a quiet voice, " he was a poor wight—a broken man—a deaf-and-dumb man."

WAZIRISTAN AND FRONTIER POLICY.

By Sir William Barton.

THE challenge to the Indian government from a coalition of tribes in Waziristan has once again drawn the attention of the British people to the great land frontier of the Empire. For ninety years the British have held the Afghan frontier. The foothills were, and still are, the administrative boundary; till 1894 the Amir of Afghanistan had claimed suzerainty over the tribal hinterland beyond it, without, however, being able to control the tribes. In that year the demarcation of the Durand line divided the Pathan tribal area between the two governments, handing over to British political influence 26,000 square miles of rugged mountainous country with few natural resources, and a population, mostly Pathan, now estimated at three millions.

The assumption by the British of political control of their tribal hinterland in 1894 has not had the effect of assimilating the Pathans of the North-West frontier to the Indian polity. The failure is all the more regrettable since in the new era of democracy in India responsibility for law and order, so important from the military point of view, is no longer in British hands, not even in the Frontier province. In fact the introduction of parliamentary government in India adds fresh complications to the problem of the pacification of the Frontier. To the explosive Islam of the Pathan tribesmen the predominance of Hinduism is repellent; the Pathan would fight to the bitter end rather than submit to the rule of the Hindu majority. The hope that the five million Pathans of the Indian borderland will ultimately merge their militant nationalism in India has, if anything, grown fainter with the recent political reforms.

The policy of the Afghan government has been a disturbing factor in border administration especially in the pre-War period. The great tribes such as the Wazirs, Afridis, Mahsuds were

encouraged by the Amir to send deputations to Kabul, where they were treated with honour and rewarded by the payment of regular allowances. The idea was to secure their alliance in the event of a war with the British Government. Kabul undoubtedly still regards them as potential allies, though there is now little interference. In fact, the friendly attitude of the Afghan rulers towards the British is full of promise for the future. At least it may be hoped that Waziri insurgents will receive neither support nor encouragement from Afghan border officials.

Another factor militating against pacification is the unsatisfactory nature of the Durand line. A policy of military encirclement is almost essential if the tribes are to be dominated and controlled. This has been impossible in the case of the powerful tribe of the Mohmands on the Peshawar border as the line practically bisects the tribe; the Afridis have a bolt hole into Afghan territory; in Waziristan a great block of the territory belonging to British controlled tribes is divided between the two governments. Amir Abdurrahman was able to drive a hard bargain in 1894; had the British Government insisted on a militarily suitable line after the Afghan war of 1879-81, they could have dictated their own terms.

The improvement in the tribal armament is another difficulty. This improvement began towards the end of last century as a result of the activity of arms traders in the Persian Gulf. Till then the tribes had few weapons of precision (such as they possessed had mostly been stolen from the British army); the long indigenous *jezail* was the fire-arm commonly in use. Gun-runners brought modern rifles in large numbers through Persia and Afghanistan to the British tribesmen who were ready to pay fantastic prices, even in some cases selling their wives to raise the money. The Gulf trade was finally brought to an end by the British navy. The War created new opportunities for the arms traders; rifles are still imported through Afghanistan. Now most of the tribesmen have weapons of precision; as a consequence their fighting value is infinitely greater than in the nineties.

The War passed without a general conflagration on the Frontier—thanks largely to the friendship of Amir Habibullah. There was imminent danger that Turkey's alliance with Germany

might lead to a *jehad* or holy war, involving the whole Afghan borderland and possibly the western Punjab, which is mostly Moslem. It was symptomatic of the latent hostility of the Pathan for the Government of India that in the autumn of 1914 several thousands of tribesmen from the Afghan province of Khost swept in a wild crescentade down the Tochi valley and besieged the British outpost of Miramshah only to be decimated by the Bannu brigade. Later on there was trouble with the Mohmands on the Peshawar border, and in 1917 the Mahsuds forced on a serious campaign of which many London Territorials must still have vivid memories. Throughout the troublous period the irregular corps stood firm. Their loyalty broke down in the Spring of 1919 when, after the murder of his father, Habibullah, the new Amir Amanullah declared a *jehad* against the British. The Khyber Rifles disappeared; the North and South Waziristan Militias mutinied; practically the whole Frontier was up in arms; only the Kurran Militia remained staunch.

The British position was one of extreme difficulty. The Indian troops available were for the most part young and inexperienced; the British troops, of whom the majority were Territorials, were clamouring to be demobilized; there was very little transport. These complications explain the reluctance of the British Government, after the Afghan invasion had been flung back, to revenge the unprovoked aggression by dictating peace in Kabul. Many frontier officers expected that at least the opportunity would be taken of rectifying the Durand line with a view to improving the British hold over their own tribes. This was not done. The only penalty exacted was the withdrawal of the subsidy of £160,000 paid annually to the Kabul government, as against which the Afghans could claim that they had won their political independence, since Britain renounced her treaty right to control Afghan foreign relations. Honours were easy. It remained to deal with the tribal revolt on the Peshawar border and in Waziristan. In the former area only a minor campaign was involved; in Waziristan it was necessary to employ nearly two divisions of troops in what was perhaps the most difficult series of operations the British have ever had to face on the Afghan frontier. When the resistance

of the tribes finally broke down it was decided that the British peace terms must give the authorities a firmer grip in the Waziristan area. The Wano salient was re-occupied ; a strong brigade was permanently located at Razmak, an important strategical point on a plateau 6,000 feet high dominating Mahsud country and much of the country of the Wazirs. Roads were constructed linking up the new cantonment with Bannu and with the British district of Dera Ismail Khan through Sarwakai and Jandola ; Razmak and Wano were joined by a direct road. These roads passed through the most important Mahsud centres. The irregular corps were formed afresh under new appellations, the Tochi Scouts and the South Waziristan Scouts. The great majority of the personnel was recruited in British territory. The policing of the roads was handed over to a new force of tribal levies known as *Khassadars*, a scheme which gives employment to the tribesmen. The construction and maintenance of the roads are a source of tribal revenue. Many of the tribesmen have in this way acquired comparative opulence. Some have bought Ford cars, or lorries which ply between Wano and Bannu and a tribesman can now in a day perform for 5/- or 6/- a journey which fifteen years ago he would have had to do mostly on foot and take a week over it. All this has had a pacifying influence, and for fifteen years previous to the outbreak of the recent disturbances there had been no anti-British movement of importance in Waziristan. Curiously enough, the only serious threat to the peace was an agitation among the Wazirs and Mahsuds in support of the ex-Amir Amanullah against Nadir Shah, who had seized the throne of Kabul from the usurper, Bacha Saqqao. On one occasion a tribal lashkar several thousand strong from the British side of the line invaded the Afghan province of Khost and besieged the capital, Matun. Political and military pressure was necessary to restore neutrality. The episode is interesting as showing the bias towards Kabul of the tribesmen on the British side of the Durand line, further exemplified by the unrest that followed the murder of King Nadir Shah in 1933.

On the Peshawar border the Khyber has been occupied by regular troops since 1919 ; the Khyber Rifles, largely recruited from the Afridis of Tirah were not re-constituted. The policing

of the Khyber Pass is now entrusted to Khassadars or tribal levies as in Waziristan.

There are three storm-centres on the Frontier, Tirah and the Khyber, Mohmand country with Bajaur, and Waziristan. The Afghan war and the subsequent operations ending in the practical occupation of Waziristan had shown that British military power was unimpaired; the lesson was not without its effect throughout the whole length of the border. There was as a consequence very little trouble for the next ten years. Then Indian politics became a disturbing element. The British Government, anxious to convince the Indian politician of its sincere desire to place no obstacle in the path of democracy, allowed a fanatical Pathan, Abdul Ghaffar, and his brother Captain Khan Sahib, an ex-officer of the Indian Medical Service, a free hand in utilizing Congress funds and organization in starting a campaign for independence in the Frontier province. This attitude of complacency to sedition has been criticized as unfair to the people of the province as well as to India generally. At all events the results were disastrous. The Red Shirt party organized by Abdul Ghaffar terrorized the Peshawar district and with the help of its Congress allies succeeded in inducing the Afridis of Tirah to invade British territory. In August, 1930, a wave of tribesmen swept over the border and under cover of the high maize crops which hampered military operations practically laid siege to the frontier capital. The military authorities finally recovered control, but the Frontier government was not allowed to arrest Abdul Ghaffar and Congress, and its allies ran what was practically a parallel government for nearly a year when the Government of India at last gave permission to the local authorities to lay hands on the Red Shirt leaders, which brought the movement under control.

Responsible leaders among the Afridis had by this time begun to feel that it was useless to challenge British military power; the change of attitude seemed to justify the hope that a policy of peaceful penetration might wean the tribesmen from their implacable hostility. A network of roads through tribal territory from Chitral in the far north to the Gumal pass, the southern boundary of Waziristan, was the first essential. The Afridis were unexpectedly complacent; a fully responsible

jirgah concluded an agreement with Government by which they conceded the right to construct a road through the centre of Tirah which would ultimately link up with the British district of Kohat. A Government school was to be opened at Chora, an important tribal centre ; the road was to be built and maintained by the Afridis themselves, of course at government expense ; Government on its side pledged itself not to interfere in tribal affairs, and not to use the road for military purposes in peace time. When the road had reached a certain point recruitment in the army would be re-opened to the tribesmen.

The hopes raised by these successful negotiations were soon dashed. Religious influences, stimulated by Red Shirt and Congress agitators, brought about a combination of the younger members (Kashars) of the clans concerned ; pickets were placed along the line of the road and the work stopped ; the school at Chora was burnt. So far, it is believed, work on the road has not been renewed, though the Afridis have re-established friendly relations.

Meanwhile religious fanaticism, for which notorious Mullas like the Haji of Turangzai and the Faqir of Alingar were mainly responsible, had produced fresh complications on the Mohmand border and in the adjacent territory of Bajaur, which led to heavy fighting two years ago. In this direction the essential policy is to open up the country with a road through Mohmand limits into Bajaur, to link up with the Malakand-Chitral road. This would make possible converging movements of troops on Mohmand country and prevent their allies in Bajaur from going to their aid. Further north, the Nawab of Dir, unfortunately not a strong man, maintains an uneasy suzerainty over his tribes ; a strong and able ruler in his position and with his opportunities might ultimately absorb Bajaur and establish a steadying influence in that mullah-ridden country. There is no reason why he should not imitate the example of his neighbour and rival, the Wali of Swat, who by sheer weight of personality, combined with religious influences inherited from his forbears, has established his rule firmly over Swat and Buner, replacing border anarchy with a scheme of law and order. Friendship with the British is the keystone of his policy, a friendship that is greatly appreciated.

Apart from opening up tribal territory by building roads, efforts have been made in recent years to improve economic conditions by gifts of improved seeds, fruit trees, and agricultural implements. Loans are sometimes given to help on irrigation schemes. There is unfortunately very little undeveloped land; here and there a small field may be won from the hillside by terracing, but opportunities of the kind are few. Educational facilities have been provided in some cases, thereby creating new problems. Young tribesmen equipped with a secondary education must be given appointments; otherwise they become the prey of the political agitator from British India.

This comparatively long period of peace in Waziristan makes the recent sudden conflagration all the more disconcerting. It proves that, so long as the tribes are armed to the teeth, so long too as they decline assimilation with British India, even military occupation of strategic points and the possibility of the rapid concentration of troops cannot ensure the practical immunity expected from the new policy.

The tribes of Waziristan fall into two main divisions, the Wazirs and Mahsuds. The former have a large nomad element which in summer grazes its flocks in the higher ranges in Waziristan and across the Durand line in the Afghan province of Birmal. In the winter the nomads descend into the Tochi and Kurran valleys and the Kohat and Bannu districts. In these migrations they cross territory and roads more or less effectively controlled by the British, and as a result are exposed to reprisals in the enforcement of tribal responsibility. Once they have reached their summer haunts they are comparatively immune; if pressed they would move *en masse* into Afghan territory. The Mahsuds are not migrant; with Razmak and Wano strongly held and connected by a motor road they would not find it easy to seek refuge beyond the Durand line. Another adverse factor from the tribesmen's point of view is the difficulty of concerted action and the lack of leadership, to say nothing of the disintegrating effects of tribal feuds, especially the Mahsud-Wazir feud. Usually the binding force is religious fanaticism, as on the present occasion. The fighting strength of the combination is not easy to estimate with any approach to accuracy. The Mahsuds can put into the field some 12,000

fighting men ; the Wazirs probably twice as many. Difficulties of supply make large concentrations difficult. As is generally known, the trouble started in the British district of Bannu over a kidnapped Hindu girl. Hostile feeling was further stimulated by the communal outbreak between Sikhs and Moslems over the Shahid Ganj mosque in Lahore. Moslems generally have never admitted the right of the Sikh to demolish the building. As on the Peshawar border, Red Shirt influence has undoubtedly had a disturbing influence among the tribes of Waziristan. It is hardly surprising that the tribesmen should regard as proof of decadence what seems to them to be the surrender of British power to the Hindu politician. The obvious reluctance of the Government of India to adopt extreme measures confirms the impression.

Indian political conditions will almost inevitably have a direct influence on the course of events in the war area. It is still possible, however, that the coalition of tribes may dissolve. Obviously the majority of the Mahsuds do not want to commit themselves—they have too much to lose. The roads make rapid movements of troops possible ; the aeroplane, though it loses much of its effectiveness in the hills makes life unpleasant ; it will find suitable targets in some of the bigger villages. Transport will be a difficulty for the British columns. The country cannot be effectively subdued from the roads. Extensive operations by flying columns will be necessary, and for these pack transport is essential ; it will take some time to collect. A *guerre à l'outrance* is next to impossible, not only because of the expense but of the possible reaction on Moslem opinion in India. At least the British Government will expect to strengthen the military position and to make it impossible for the Tori Kheyl again to force on a major campaign.

The British have failed after ninety years to curb the wild freedom of the border. The events of the past few years show that the hostility of the tribesmen to the government in India is undiminished, especially when the influence of the fanatical mullah comes into play. It will be all the more difficult to find a solution of the problem now that it has been brought into the arena of politics. With self-government at their doors in British territory, with an all-powerful Minister in charge of the

administration instead of the British officer whom they have at least respected and often admired, the tribesmen will doubtless see in the new dispensation fresh opportunities for aggression. It is known that the Congress party in the Frontier Assembly sympathizes with the Moslem point of view of the origin of the present trouble. The Congress leader, Dr. Khan Sahib, has threatened to adjourn the House in order to discuss the situation on the Bannu border. The repercussions of such action are not likely to be favourable to government. At the moment, with a strong man like Sir Abdul Qaiyum as Chief Minister, equipped as he is with an unrivalled experience of border administration, and a loyal friend of the governor, the danger should be reduced to a minimum ; if his ministry should fall—and it is not too stable, depending as it does on the adherence of half a dozen Hindus—and power be transferred into Congress or Red Shirt hands, it is possible that the result might be dangerous intrigues with transborder tribes with a view to embarrass the Indian government. The only possible expedient is a policy of peaceful penetration which, as already noted, had recently been adopted by the Government of India until it was disturbed by Congress interference. With the co-operation of the ministry a reasonable degree of success might in time be achieved. Should popular government on the Frontier be firmly established, the example would not be lost on the transborder tribes ; it might help on an ultimate synthesis between tribal life and the new democracy of India. Much will depend on the attitude of the federal government when it comes into being. It suits the Hindu politician at present to refuse to admit that there is a frontier problem ; in his view the fiction is maintained in order that a strong British force may be stationed in India at the expense of the Indian taxpayer, and appointments provided in the Indian army for young Englishmen. On the other hand the Moslem politician resents anything like interference transfrontier ; he does not approve of peaceful penetration ; the crushing of tribal independence is to him anathema. What he desires is to keep his co-religionists on the Frontier independent, a constant menace to the dominant Hindu and a matter of concern to the British military protectorate. In fact many Moslems in India would view with favour the establishment of a Moslem province or State extend-

ing from the Durand line to the Sutlej and uniting fourteen millions or so of Moslems in the Punjab with the few millions of Pathans of the borderland. Opinion in the federal assembly will doubtless be of a similar complexion. If this is so, there would be little hope of support from the federal legislature for a strong policy involving the subjugation and disarmament of the tribes. And in any case disarmament on the British side of the line would postulate a similar policy in Afghanistan, which is not very likely at present.

The Frontier is still the Achilles' heel of India. A quarter of a million of the finest fighting men in Asia wait for the day when Allah shall deliver the Hindu into their hands; behind them and ready to follow them stand half a million of their own breed under the absolute Amir. So long as communalism divides the people of India they cannot hope to stand up unaided against invasion through the passes of the North West; the ultimate responsibility for holding this great imperial frontier must rest on the shoulders of the British people. The intrusion of Indian politics has introduced a new element of danger. The question must be faced afresh. One school of thought would place the tribal hinterland under a military governor, keeping frontier questions entirely outside Indian politics. There is something to be said for this view. This much is certain; if the reactions of political movements in the settled districts of the Frontier constitute a threat to the peaceful control of the border tribes, then in the interests both of India and Britain a system of control must be devised which would neutralize political influences beyond the administrative border. A scheme of the kind might involve a complete reorientation of British military policy in India. A consideration of the problem must, however, await further developments on the Frontier. Meanwhile political complications in India and the possibility of trouble in Palestine make an early settlement in Waziristan a matter of outstanding importance.

JAPAN'S MILITARY SOCIALISM

By A. Morgan Young.

ALWAYS the cry goes up in Japan, "Let us be ourselves, and not merely imitate European politics," but nevertheless the outward forms continue to approximate to the European model, just as the clothes do that the Japanese wear. Sometimes the political forms, like the clothes, are extraordinarily up to date. There was a time when Whig and Tory were very diverse indeed, and when Democrat and Republican were in no danger of confusion. But a few years ago when an American newspaper offered a prize to anybody who could tell the difference between the aims of the two great American parties, and English political philosophers were explaining why it was equally hopeless to expect either Conservatives or Liberals to face the problems of the day instead of shelving them, the great Japanese political parties were still more indistinguishable. We sometimes call the Seiyukai the Agrarian-Conservative party and the Minseito the Industrial-Liberal, but their programmes consist of much the same generalities—the purification of politics, the enforcement of official discipline, and everything which ought to be done as a matter of course. Both parties have a pretty bad name for promoting their interests by means of cash payments, and, though the Seiyukai is generally held to spend the larger sums, this only makes it the more popular of the two. The political theory of rotativism received a rude check when Mr. Inukai, the Seiyukai Premier, was murdered on May 15th, 1932, for there has not been a party Premier since; but here again there has been a distinct imitation of the British procedure, one "National' Premier succeeding another, at first with a hesitating support from all the parties, and later with a growing opposition.

The return of thirty "Social Mass" members to the Diet at the last general election is suggestive of the growth of a

political Labour party comparable with that in England ; but the Social Mass members are not the nominees of the trade unions, which were virtually liquidated by the Manchurian *coup* of 1931. The statement sounds a little absurd, but it is perfectly true. There had been a vain attempt to keep the union movement to the American system of " every shop its own union," but actually trade rather than shop unions were appearing with increasing frequency and obtaining growing influence. More than once, when a group of unions sponsored a Left party, it would be proscribed and dissolved. For a time there was a great agitation for the formation of One Big Party, but this was so clearly modelled on the I.W.W. that it was never allowed to become an accomplished fact.

As soon as the Manchurian affair started, and the League of Nations expressed its disapproval, the reactionaries were furnished with the very useful cry that all the world was against Japan, and that it was necessary for all to stand together, with no sort of internal dissension. The work was done with extraordinary skill. The trade unions, even those most inclined to step leftwards, became little more than patriotic societies ; and so amenable did they prove to the propaganda of the day that employers found little difficulty in actually lowering wages, throughout a period when the rate of exchange was allowed to decline. Japan's chief imports served to supply industries in which there was an export trade, so the patriotic policy of being content with low wages was successful ; it created a trade boom, and the abundance of work made it possible to keep up a fair standard of living.

But you cannot fool all the people all the time, and the Social Mass party is an admonition that, while captains of industry are getting rich, the people at large want something more than the satisfaction of being patriotic. The army is finding its leadership a more difficult task than it had anticipated, and is rather in the position of a man riding two horses simultaneously and finding them to be parting company. The industrial boom is accompanied by increasing indebtedness for the farmers, and the younger officers are genuinely perturbed about it. From time to time the army issues pamphlets, which the more exalted officers can hardly enjoy, but which they regard as a necessary

blowing off of steam. The pamphlets read at times like good Socialist tracts, until one comes to the warning that Japan is surrounded by enemies, and that defence is the first need, even more urgent than the relief of the distress upon which the pamphlet has been indignantly dwelling. The army, in spite of the solidarity which may be reckoned on in a crisis—even when there is a small revolt as in February last year—is in ordinary times honeycombed with childish jealousies. The soldiers, both rank and file and the younger officers, sympathize with the peasantry, and, rather dogmatically, put all the blame for their hardships on the big firms, especially on the biggest of all, the house of Mitsui. Generals with political contacts, on the other hand, learn that the political fabric depends a great deal on the support of these big firms. So it is just possible that this may some day lead to a really serious division in the army.

The Communists, of course, regard military socialism as altogether spurious. There is a sharp cleavage between Communists and all who repeat the loyal shibboleths. Whether industrialists, rich landlords, soldiers, the political parties and the population at large can continue to allow reactionaries to rule the country under the aegis of a common loyalty may be doubted, but for the present radicals are driven into the patriotic fold, and the persecution of Communists is so relentless that they become fewer and fiercer. To be a Communist is to be in jeopardy every day, running the constant risk of the most painful and obscure of martyrdoms. Yet men face these dangers, and many times a supposed extermination seems only to have stimulated new enthusiasts to take up the cause. A judge some time ago remarked about these men that they were of the highest type in Japan. Certainly a nation capable of producing such faith and such steadfastness is capable of the highest achievements.

Communism, however, is something outside the general political consciousness of Japan, and receives its best advertisement from its persistent persecution. Since 1868 there has been no such change in the mind of the Japanese as that brought about by the taking of Manchuria. The change has been rapid and thorough. The exploit was one, indeed, to impress

the imagination. Almost overnight the small leased territory of Kwantung expanded into a new empire as big as France and Germany put together, joining up Kwantung and Korea—not a mere distant colony, but an expansion and consolidation of Japan itself. No idea of its being independent crosses the Japanese mind. Manchukuo has an imperial ruler, it is true, but he was once Emperor of China and now is tributary to the Emperor of Japan. By lectures, by cinemas, by wireless, by every sort of propaganda Japan has been persuaded to think imperially, and there is a plan to settle a million Japanese families who will never cease to be Japanese. Manchukuo is served by a Japanese railway system ; it is exploited by Japanese capital ; its communications, telegraphic and telephonic, are in the hands of a Japanese company ; Japan defends it ; Japan has charge of its foreign policy ; Japanese judges and magistrates administer the law ; Japan monopolizes its trade and controls its currency ; Japanese vice-ministers run every Department and are answerable to the Japanese Ambassador who wields despotic power from end to end of the country ; it is a reservoir ready to supply Japan's needs in coal and iron and oil, in foodstuffs and fibres. With such an outlet for ambition and activity, such a vast amount of constructive work to be done, Manchuria provides for Japan a field for endeavour which absorbs much of the energy that would ordinarily be expended in politics.

Hitherto the Manchurian adventure has imparted mainly a sense of proud satisfaction ; but people cannot remain in a single mood. General Araki, who tried to keep the nation in a condition of valiantly defying the crisis, found it impossible to keep up the excitement ; and, with the quieting down of Manchuria into a mere fact, prosaic and unexciting, though perhaps a directive force in politics, it can no longer be a stimulating substitute for politics.

At times of political crisis since 1932 there have been periodical announcements that the army is not yet prepared to permit party government again ; but the parties, though somewhat lacking in political principles, are working to regain their constitutional rights ; and the fact of the two big parties being definitely in opposition was a large factor in General Hayashi's

resignation. But still the anti-democratic forces were strong, and Japan remained at the opposite pole from any *front populaire*, the present attempt to placate the politicians being confined to having a civilian Premier with party men as Ministers. They are not likely to find this satisfactory for long, but much depends on the future growth of the Social Mass movement. As it develops it may drift to the right, and be content with a portfolio and some of the minor spoils. That it will do anything vigorous there is little hope. In a country where loyalty is a fetish, delation and slander become very powerful, and any group from which danger is apprehended is easily disposed of. At present there is a sharp rise in the cost of living—enough, perhaps, to have some political effects. But in Japan economic theories have no place in party programmes. When the trouble is sufficiently bad, there is a change of Government, and the new men are supposed to find a remedy. A Cabinet may be stale, and perhaps incompetent from the start, but politico-economic principles hold no high place in the popular estimation, and a few new brooms are the likeliest remedy for the trouble. Hard times are not likely to stimulate the activity of labour in politics, unless it be that of a body like the Social Mass which weakens trade unionism. And with this weakening any strong impulse to labour legislation is lost.

The Seiyukai has now reached a respectable age, and is the most formidable party, because it controls large funds. It fails in perfect solidarity owing to there being groups under different leaders, but as these groups are not divided on any question of political principle, their differences are always capable of adjustment. The rival party, on the other hand, started by Prince Katsura in 1912 as the Rikken Doshikai, later re-formed as the Kenseikai, and later still as the Minseito, is more typical of the Japanese method. Generally the absorption of some new group is celebrated by a change of name, so that nobody has to be a mere convert.

Premier Inukai, murdered in May, 1932, was originally President of a third party, the Kokuminto, but at last, with accession to the Premiership in view, took his followers with him into the Seiyukai camp, having already disbanded the party which became only a " club." In the same year, Mr. Adachi,

who had been Minseito Home Minister in the previous Government, formed a new party called the Kokumin Doshikai. The late Mr. Tokonami, with a number of followers, seceded for a time from the Seiyukai, but failed to form an influential party. The great industrialist, Mr. Sanji Muto, a great student of English politics and an admirer of industrial Liberalism, formed a Business-men's Party, remarkable as being the only party with a real programme. None of these came to anything, the Business-men's Party being least successful of all. Many Japanese politicians stated, not in any cynical mood but as a matter of sober fact, that it was impossible to create an effective party except by the expenditure of several million yen. Certainly nothing has occurred in the past quarter of a century to disprove this view.

Since Inukai's murder there has been a succession of "national" Governments, and, while they began with a lukewarm general support, it was inevitable that disappointed parties should eventually be ranged against them. This was so keenly felt that a movement was set on foot to create a new party to support the Government. How much General Hayashi was prepared to spend on getting support nobody ventured to say, but the General evidently was not sanguine of success, and decided that, as he actually had no support at all, he had better resign. Two elderly politically-minded officers, Lieutenant-General Tatekawa and Vice-Admiral Kobayashi, were chiefly concerned in forming the new party, and, as the programme was to support General Hayashi, it would have seemed a little absurd for it to change its allegiance before it was born, not to speak of the promoters having no particular interest in the civilian, Prince Konoye. The new Premier also disclaims all wish for a new party, so that plan has been dropped. A small group of reactionaries in the Diet, calling themselves the Political Reform Council, are trying to form a "Rightist" Party, but they are rather late in the day, for Rightism now creates quite as much distrust as Leftism. As for extreme Leftism, the Minister for Justice, Mr. Shiono, has announced that there are signs of the Communists becoming active again, and he calls for more effective suppression.

NEW STREETS FOR OLD.

By A. Trystan Edwards.

THE street is the principal architectural emblem of civilization. Such a statement, if it had been made a hundred years ago, would have been regarded as a truism, but to-day it strikes the ear almost as a challenge. The street now is something for which we have to fight, for it is in jeopardy. If certain modern tendencies are allowed to proceed unchecked the street, in the full grandeur of its conception, as it has been exemplified in past ages, will exist no more.

A street, as the term is commonly used, is a road with buildings on either side of it, and these buildings must be continuous if the idea of the street is to be fulfilled. The street is not merely a highway for traffic. There is a separate name for the latter, and that is a road. A street is somethiug which definitely belongs to the town, to a built-up area. It has something of the quality of an enclosure. Whatever the legal rights of the matter may be, the residents in a street have a certain feeling of proprietorship with regard to it. I cannot illustrate this point better than by making reference to the numerous street tea-parties which were held during the Coronation period in London and elsewhere. Tables were brought out, and the thoroughfare between the houses was transmuted into a place of festivity for the residents and their friends. The street became an open air club ; but its character could not have been so well expressed unless the architectural setting had provided this element of enclosure.

Pleasant functions of the kind just mentioned appear to have been confined to the old-fashioned streets now commonly designated as slums. There cannot be a street party in a Garden Suburb, not only because here the road has grass verges which must not be trodden on, but because it is conceived merely as a thoroughfare.

If we wish to sum up our impressions of the most beautiful towns of our acquaintance, we find ourselves thinking of streets, squares or other formations of continuous buildings. In the street it is not necessary for the establishment of this sense of civilized communion that one should be acquainted with one's neighbours. In church a common act of worship is performed when people stand side by side without the interchange of conversation. In a theatre the members of the audience also feel the sense of community, although they may be all strangers to each other. When houses stand together their contiguity symbolizes a general desire for close social relationship. Even if you do not happen to know your immediate neighbours, the concentration of buildings at a reasonably high density enables you to see the people whom you do know without having to walk too far. But it is also true to say that sociability in buildings is very often the cause of sociability in the people dwelling in them; especially is this the case in the poorer quarters of our towns. Too much has been said in snobbish disparagement of what is called the habit of "gossiping" outside the doorstep. What the superior people describe as "gossip" is the exercise of the rights of social communion in a way which is expressive of more genuine friendliness and good manners than is usually shown in the intercourse of those who presume to criticize the so-called gossip.

A still more intimate stage of sociability is reached when it becomes possible to talk to your neighbour across the street as well as on either side, and to attain this end the street should be rather narrow. In a residential area, it might almost be affirmed, the ideal width of street is that across which it is possible to discuss the political situation with a friend on the opposite side of the street without raising your voice unduly.

Unfortunately, many of the existing little streets which provide for their inhabitants these major social advantages date from a period when the standard of hygiene in the houses of the wage-earners was extraordinarily low. The housing reformers in their zeal to improve these conditions appear to have imagined that, provided the rooms were of a certain size and height and certain conditions of sunlight and ventilation achieved, the resultant habitation would be perfect in every respect. What

now seems to be needed is a new approach to the whole housing problem, in which we acknowledge and preserve the improvement of hygienic standards attained by housing reformers during the last 30 years and yet at the same time make possible the preservation of that admirable spirit of sociability which, we find, is fostered in so many of the little streets now condemned for demolition.

Because the Victorian by-law " street " was usually meanly composed, dreary and monotonous, a certain group of people, followers of Ebenezer Howard, jumped to the conclusion that it was necessary to break up the street into fragments and to enforce a regulation limiting the density of houses to a maximum of twelve to the acre. According to the Garden City conception of domestic architecture, a garden of a certain size attached to each dwelling is the prime desideratum, and all other considerations of social convenience or civic design must take second place.

Obviously, the various conditions which constitute convenient living, so far as they can be achieved through the planning and lay-out of houses, should be arranged in their logical order of priority. It may be agreed, of course, that the minimum standard for size and height of rooms should be insisted upon. Even here a variety of accommodation is permissible, but the basic needs for a family including parents and children of both sexes are sitting room, adequate kitchen quarters, bathroom and lavatory and a minimum of three bedrooms. Adequate ventilation and sunlight come next, and before laying down regulations to secure these, regard should be paid to known researches on the question of sunlight. The regulation now in force for all new housing estates is that the distance between the fronts and between the backs of the houses should be a minimum of seventy feet. This regulation is based upon the fact that in a street of this width, running from East to West, composed of houses of two floors only, at noon at the winter solstice a window on the ground floor of a house on the north side of the road will have a passing ray of sunshine. This rule is very easy to administer, but it is based on far too elementary a knowledge of the incidence of sunlight. It has been discovered, indeed, that very much narrower streets than these can have

quite adequate sunlight, especially if we calculate the amount of sun which it is possible to have in the summer, spring and autumn.

The next consideration should be that of recreational space for children. This is far more important than that for adults, who can presumably walk to a park or to the country. In the case of families of wage-earners who cannot afford to keep nursemaids to conduct the children to a public garden, it is important that the recreational space should be *immediately* accessible from the houses. Now, recreational space for children is something very different from a small garden devoted to growing flowers or vegetables. Even if the garden has a certain amount of lawn, it does not provide the maximum opportunity for children to play. Children need in the first instance a space where they can play in all weathers. Grass is only suitable for this purpose when it is reasonably dry. Secondly, children normally require the company of other children if they are to play freely. For people with very small means the ideal playground for children is the street, provided, of course, that the major part of the vehicular traffic can be excluded from it. Whether or not the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton, it is true to say that the last War was won by a generation of people the vast majority of whom played in the streets and became quite sturdy and healthy in so doing. A street playground and only a small yard at the back of the house are better for young children than a vegetable garden and no street playground. In the case of older children and adults, here again the private garden is not a prime necessity; what is far more desirable is the provision of playing fields or other recreational space within reasonable distance from their homes.

When a man has a commodious house so planned as to receive adequate sunlight and ventilation and when, furthermore, reasonable facilities for exercise have been vouchsafed to the members of his family, he next demands the satisfaction of the important social need to which reference has already been made.

We are now gradually arriving at a standard whereby we may determine the range of housing density which should be permissible in a town. The houses, or rather the backs and fronts of the houses, should be far enough apart to enable them to

satisfy the conditions of hygiene here summarized, and they should be close enough together to express the spirit of sociability; and only if this latter condition can be satisfied should the individual garden attached to the house make its appearance in the town. After all, human beings are not cabbages to be planted on the countryside; nor is it sufficient to give them space and light and air as if they were nothing more than pigs or cows. A public square or garden in the town is of greater use than a plot for the growing of vegetables which market gardeners have organized themselves to produce.

It is possible, however, to provide a certain number of private gardens with houses in continuous formation, but, obviously, if the houses are not very big and are economically planned, they have narrow frontages which must limit the width of the gardens. In continuous building of three bedroom houses of the size prescribed by the latest regulations of the Ministry of Health it is possible to provide a very small garden in addition to the street playground at fifty to the acre, but by broadening the frontage to accommodate *large* houses it is possible to maintain the continuous front at a much lower density. Also, it need not be supposed that an appreciation of continuous building entails a dislike of gardens. All that the spokesmen for urban civilization must insist on is that the garden must not be allowed to jockey the street out of existence, as it has in fact done in the new housing estates developed on the Garden City principles of " open development."

Those who appreciate the peculiar merits of street architecture have a double responsibility. In the first instance it is their task to preserve as far as possible such beautiful street architecture as still remains to us, and secondly they should try to make sure that in all new buildings the claim of the street will be properly acknowledged. In past ages the English people have shown a remarkable genius for street architecture, so it is of interest to record that a special effort is now being made to preserve the evidence of this genius. The letter which Lord Esher, in his capacity of Chairman of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, contributed to *The Times* on May 27th last made the welcome announcement that a " Georgian Group " had been established in association with that Society

for the express purpose of endeavouring to check the wholesale destruction of the beautiful buildings dating from the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. He points out that " in several parts of London the amenities of quiet residential districts admirably laid out in the first half of the nineteenth century have been largely destroyed by the luxury flat speculators, and the existing legislative machinery has not been used to restrain them."

Unfortunately, not only do such beautiful buildings fail to receive support from officialdom, but the regulations now brought into being by our town planning and housing experts actually are an additional factor making for the vandalism which Lord Esher deplores. Municipal authorities, in their efforts to expedite their housing programmes in accordance with instructions given them by the Ministry of Health have found it extremely difficult to obtain sites for the new tenement blocks which they are erecting in built-up areas, and what could be more natural than that they should seek any site the buildings on which are *vulnerable*, quite irrespective of their present habitability or architectural merit ? In the case of the early Victorian buildings in particular the 99-year leases are running out, and it can so easily be pointed out that the charming terrace houses fail to conform to the regulations now limiting the housing density to a maximum of twelve to the acre. So, with a good conscience the municipalities use the Garden City standards for the destruction of very beautiful residential squares or terraces with pleasant little gardens.

It is no exaggeration to say that in the last five years, during the Government's housing programme, more beautiful buildings of an unassuming character have been destroyed in this country than in the previous fifty years.

In Scotland in particular thousands of stone cottages in ancient village streets have been ruthlessly pulled down, when a very slight expenditure on plumbing would have sufficed to make them conform to modern standards of sanitation, and we find that in place of these streets of cottages, expressing an aristocratic tradition of sociability, the most hideous little detached blocks.

At Brixham, a fishing village of exceptional beauty, the houses

were arranged in closely fitting groups on the hillside in a manner which painters delight to depict, but that, of course, is not a consideration which would appeal to our modern apostles of hygiene. They should, however, take some notice of the fact that generations of sturdy sailors have been reared in these houses. A similar assault was made on the older part of Whitby, but fortunately in that instance public opinion was strong enough to limit the extent of the demolition.

Unfortunately the housing " experts " all over the country have been so imbued with those ideals of architectural detachment preached for thirty years by the promoters of the Garden City movement that almost any *continuous* row of cottages, of whatever kind, is anathema to them. They have identified " town planning " with sprawl. It now appears to be assumed that the easiest way to protect any particular piece of country from the ravages of building is to ensure that the houses be as far apart as possible. A sliding scale has been established ; the country has been divided up into various degrees of social and spiritual status. In the least desirable tracts of territory houses may be permitted at a density of twelve to the acre, but no more. In a slightly superior tract the density must be reduced to ten to the acre, and so on in arithmetical progression, until we come to specially beautiful places where the density is reduced to four or two or even one to the acre. Thus the town planning authorities have come to the strange conclusion that the more a particular stretch of countryside needs protection, the more sparsely should the buildings be scattered, so that a very small number of them will suffice to dominate and perhaps spoil the landscape. If there is to be a serious attempt to preserve the countryside, not only for the benefit of the inhabitants of rural districts but of town-dwellers as well, this type of enactment should be removed from the statute book.

Architecture has often been compared with music, and the two arts have certainly this in common—that their component elements, if they are to be harmoniously related, must be assembled in fairly close formation. Just as the buildings in a town have hitherto been grouped together, the notes of music are also in clusters and tightly interwoven. The preachers of " open development " in architecture have something in common with

a man who would initiate what he imagines to be an improvement in music and starts by trying to enforce the regulation that there must never be more than twelve notes to the page—by preference evenly spaced—and that in superior music there must never be more than four notes to a page ; while the highest and most satisfying form of harmony, especially designed for the delectation of plutocrats, is achieved by only a single note on a page. The comparison, though not, of course, exact, is by no means inapposite and suffices to expose the absurdity of present " town planning " restrictions.

The most hopeful feature in the present situation is that the upholders of this standardized " open development " are becoming definitely unpopular with large sections of the community. The wage-earners have a particular grievance inasmuch as in increasing numbers they are being forced into tenement blocks for no other reason whatsoever than that the sensible alternative to these blocks, namely, pleasantly designed streets of self-contained houses at a reasonably high density have been forbidden at the instance of the disciples of Ebenezer Howard, who have succeeded in getting their own ideas accepted by the Government authorities. Moreover, it is notorious that in the case of some of the new colliery villages the miners prefer to travel every day from towns many miles from their place of work rather than dwell in a place which does not accord with their own conception of what a town should be. The Garden City advocates will, of course, say that these benighted people need to be " educated " in order that they may appreciate the superior architectural fare which is provided for them. But, instead of assuming that the wage-earners are incapable of expressing a sensible opinion as to the type of house they should have, would it not be a more genial attitude if we paid respectful heed to their preferences ? After all, these adult citizens, considered competent to give their votes about matters affecting Abyssinia, Palestine or the government of India, might, without impropriety, be allowed to have some say in matters which concern them more intimately.

BIRDS OF A NORTH SEA FISHING.

By Richard Perry.

BEFORE dawn I go out in a North Sea fishing smack, to enter into a new ornithological world a few hundred yards or a few miles off-shore, depending upon the weather : the real home of the sea-birds.

Down the cobbled streets to the little bay, through a sleeping village that echoes to the dull heavy thud of rubber-boots. By Heaven! But it's a lovely night—no morning, this! Glittering stars and white, refulgent moon light the shining roofs, the rippling sea, the black cliffs, and the castle high on its rock, with unearthly radiance. Curlew shriek wildly at our coming. We row out to the smack—*coble* they call it here—and leap aboard into a jumble of fishing-gear and boxes, masts and buoys. The engine chugs at the first turn-over, and we sweep round and away to sea.

It will be easy to find our fishing-grounds this morning, for they lie out at the end of that broad stream of wave-dancing moonlight. To the east is the white flashing light of the Longstone, to the south the ruby glow of the Stag Light, back of us the castle looming up blackly, shapeless in the moonlight.

Full speed ahead, and a dry passage with an ebbing tide. How far away can they hear the throbbing of our engine in the night-stillness ? There are red and white lights from a tramp-steamer ahead, but no sign of the other cobles. For an hour we chug steadily on a gentle swell, talking little : one at the tiller, other two coiling tow-ropes and joining the three lengths of line.

In the grey light before sunrise the two ruins on the Farne Islands come into line, and we are at to-day's fishing-grounds. Vague, ghostly figures drift up on the chill breeze : soft *kit-kit* betrays the little Kittiwake ; larger forms are those of Herring Gulls and Greater Black-backs. The engine is throttled down.

Over go the red flag, with its three sky-blue buoys, and coils of eighty fathoms of tow-rope, jerking out the line with its dependent hooks. For half-an-hour the line whips from three coracle-shaped wicker swills over the roller on the boat's gunwhale ; mussel-baited hooks flickering from their grass bed at one end of the flat cradle—'ware hooks ! It's a serious business if the man guiding the line from its coiled heap lets his finger be caught by a dancing hook. Sometimes a Kittiwake plops into the water, with excited small-gull screech, plucking at a baited hook—occasionally one gets hooked in the process. On the two and a half miles of line there are three thousand six hundred hooks. They will lie upon the sea-floor at thirty or forty fathoms.

When the last of the three swills is empty, and another red flag and its blue floats hoven aboard, we put about. The green, rounded Cheviots are lovely against a pink sunrise, with rose-coloured, feathery wisps of cloud stretching across a translucent ethereally-blue sky—foretelling a gale later. For three-quarters of an hour we ply aimlessly in great circles about our flag, waiting for the bait to take, free to observe what bird-life there is.

Little bundles of Guillemots and Razorbills and, less often, Puffins or Little Auks, whirl away in orbicular flight down wind at incredible speed, their tiny paddles beating as fast as those of a Partridge. Here, the Guillemot is the commonest diver, and after him the Razorbill : it takes heavy seas to drive many Puffins and Little Auks within the ten-mile limit. Maintaining their reputation for humour the Puffins bounce over the sea before the boat for a hundred yards, bounding resiliently off bright-coral paddles, stretched out behind them, flat and widely splayed : a delightful touch of colour. After every series of bounds, they dive straight into the sea, to bob up and sip water, as all sea-birds do when nervous or excited, and shoot along through the surface of the sea, neither out nor in, before setting off on their comical, bounding progress again.

A Puffin's beak is another of the seven wonders of the world. On first seeing it, one is minded to play with the words of Dr. Johnson : " Doubtless God could have made a better *beak*, but doubtless God never did ! " In pleasingly important

contrast to his dark-brown and white plumage, he tilts his head comically with his magnificently ornate bill. Shaped like the coulter of a plough, this parrot beak is more or less evenly banded in vermilion, orange, and grey-blue. After the summer the gay outer sheath drops off, leaving a coral-brown husk. And, as if the beak alone were not enough, his round pale-brown eye, deeply set, has a crimson ring, and a triangular blue plate above and below.

It is astonishing that a Little Auk, smaller than a Song Thrush, can exist through the terrific gales at sea during autumn and winter, which must render feeding an impossibility for days at a time ; yet perhaps not more than once a year will they be met with in numbers close inshore. With typical diver contour of blunt head, squat body, and uptilted beak, they are so small, delightful little birds, with their black caps well down over their white cheeks and their black chin-straps. There is no mistaking Little Auks at sea, for they continually whirr around in slanting circles, and dive constantly, without any preliminaries, remaining down for inordinate periods.

Of the black and white Razorbill we have only to note the distinction given to him by the thick white grooves running back from his thick black beak into his head. The dark-brown Guillemot seems much larger than the Razorbill, who swims very high in the water, in a dumpy attitude, accentuated by the stubby beak. At any distance a Guillemot is a most extraordinary looking creature : a black line slanting back across white cheek creating the illusion that his bill is conical, whereas, in reality, it is slightly hooked. In the hand, when he utters a deep croaking *guorwor*, like to a wounded Heron, this illusion is dispelled.

A file of five Gannets, magnificent in their silver plumage, sail up to us, their wings beating in perfect time, and glide athwart the boat, as we turn once more to our fishing. Catching our flag with a boat-hook, we throttle down, and begin to haul in the lines over the wooden roller. One man hauls : balancing on two fish-boxes, straining at the thin horse-hair line : his fingers protected by strips of felt wound around them—The hell of a job, this, in choppy seas. The second steers, ready to gaff any fish falling from a hook ; while the third regulates

engine-speed to the requirements of the men hauling, and unhooks the catch.

Almost a third of the first line is heaped in its cradle before a fish is landed : a Codling, great-headed and barbed of lower jaw. Fish come well on the second line, and slacken again on the third : Codling, none heavier than five pounds ; little purple-brown Haddock : incredibly beautiful, when one remembers those hideous yellow-smoked gloves usually associated with the name of Haddock : St. Peter's thumb-mark in purple-brown at the sides of their heads ; silvery Whiting, pink and brown tinted ; small flat-fish, still kicking ; bronze-purple Gurnards, spined to cut the fisherman's hands to the bone, and like them, but unspined, Sea Bream ; green-spotted Dragonets : stingers, like Miller's Thumbs ; and a monstrous Angler fish, with enormous mouth and terrible teeth, amber eyed, leathery skinned.

At the hauling, it is a great sight to see the Greater Black-backed Gulls laughing. There are always three or four swimming a few feet from the boat. Throwing their massive heads far back, great hooked bills opened wide (the profile exactly that of a dog howling to the moon), they let rip : *uggha-uggha-uggha-uggha*—especially when they are hungry, and there is a good prospect of an early gorge on fish-guts. Their deep crying affords them such obvious satisfaction that it is impossible not to smile. And before each bout of calling they sip a little water, which is a thing one may observe all gulls, and many other sea-birds, to do so often that one can only surmise that they actually drink salt-water. On the wing, of course, they cannot lift their heads very high, but they do so slightly, constricting their necks, calling with considerable effort : in fact, like Rooks, they sometimes go through the motions without any appreciable results.

But most faithful attendant of the fishing smack is the Little Kittiwake : the young birds lovely with broad, purple-black margining to the front edges of their wings, black collars, and black bands across their square white tails. The only small Gull at sea, the charming Kittiwake meets every coble coming out of harbour, accompanying it to and from the fishing-grounds. When the lines are hauled, he hovers, within reach

of one's hand, alert to snap up loose bait or half-fish chopped by shark or sucked by octopus. At such close range one may note the green tinge to the yellow bill, the dark-brown eye, and the extraordinarily bright-varnished dark-brown legs and webs—there is no other colour like it in Nature.

Strange beasts are hooked on a forty-fathom line—Lobsters, unbelievably beautiful, with dark-blue, orange-flaked armour-plating and scarlet antennae; giant-clawed, burnt-orange Edible Crabs, and Stone Crabs: spidery beasts in red armour; Sea Anemones fastened to stones; red and yellow Starfish, a foot across; and tiny Octopus: gelatinous, clammy messes. Let even a small Octopus but affix itself firmly to your skin with its sucker-disked tentacles, and it comes away only with skin and flesh down to the bone; drop it on to the floor of the boat, and, by some remarkable instinct, it makes for the sides and clambers over the gunwhales into the sea. Red Cuttlefish are hoisted, discharging streams of black ink from their torpedo bodies, but when they fall from the hooks into the water, they shoot down from a swirling cloud of *brown* ink, accelerating nine feet, with incredible rapidity, at single expulsions of water from the pipes within their bodies; but they are just as likely to shoot backwards, directed by their tail aillerons.

Today, we have an easy haul: no section of the line fouling the bottom—to be cut perhaps, after an hour's struggle, and grappled for, probably vainly. In two hours all the line is in. We have three boxes of fish: 15 or 16 stone—"might be worse;" Many of the boats have been landing only four or five stone this season. But it takes 25 stone a haul to make a living at this game. Before the War, before the trawlers had swept the seas clean, it was not unusual to average 60 and 70 stone a day, for weeks at a time.

Putting about for home, we rig a tiny brown sail to steady the boat in the half-gale now blowing against the tide. For an hour we plunge through a perpetual flam of water that penetrates oilskins and lashes the eyes with its stinging salt. Sometimes the bows of the massively-built 32 foot cable plunge down so far into a trough that it seems impossible for her to come up again. At other times she smashes down upon the crest of a lower wave with an appalling dull thud—not with the pro-

verbial shivering of timbers—to drown us with great flukes of water flung by her terrific impact.

During this hour's homeward drenching the fish are gutted and packed for the carrier, and a clamorous cloud of anything up to two hundred Gulls swoop down upon the offal tossed overboard : accompanying us into harbour, or for as long as the gutting continues. The majority are Herring Gulls, with a few Greater and Lesser Black-backs and Kittiwakes among them. The heads and necks of the larger Gulls are thickly freckled in yellow-brown. The eye of an adult Herring Gull is a remarkably cold brown amber : his plumage so pale and immaculate a white, this freckling about head and neck gives him a sinister charm, which, like that of a reptile, both repels and fascinates. But to have scores of these grand birds sailing alongside within reach of one's hand, their snowy tails spread like fans, gives me the greatest possible pleasure. It is the Herring Gulls who filch most of the offal. They are far too quick on the wing for the Great Gulls, who are equally content to rob the other Gulls, quarrelling fiercely in the water.

The ability of Gulls to plane with motionless wings, about a boat buffetting her way into a gale, is consummate : only Gannets and Fulmar Petrels excel them. No part of their bodies impedes their aerial progress, for their shanks are stretched out beneath their tails, and I have seen Kittiwake with legs and webs hidden in their feathers. They exploit in the manner of a super-glider imperceptible air-currents and eddies : the stormier the day, the lower the air-currents from crest to crest of great breakers.

And so, after an hour's deluging, we chug into the smoother waters of the bay, and back into harbour, through the splendid packs of olive and black and silver Eider, at mid-day : off with oilskin jackets, aprons, shorts, and sou'westers, a smoke while out-anchoring and loading the fish-boxes into the row-boat —and home to sort the lines.

BRITAIN AND THE RUSSIAN BOGEY.

By H. du Coudray.

BRITISH apprehensions in the Mediterranean, awakened by the Italo-Abyssinian conflict and the Spanish War, together with the threat of Japan to China, are prime factors which must be taken into account in any estimate of contemporary politics. The concern of the U.S.S.R. with the latter does not need stressing. As regards the former there is no doubt that the Turco-Russian friendship, sealed at Montreux a year ago, might serve as a useful check on a Power which now owns the island of Rhodes. To Great Britain consequently, it could not be but welcome, were not the artificers of British policy brooding ceaselessly on her grievances against Russia in regions where the interests of the two countries meet. We have as it were a transversal line of anxiety running from the Persian shores of the Caspian through Kashgar to the North-Eastern corner of Mongolia. But the time has come when our attitude towards the role of Russia in Asia, as well as in Europe, needs revising. In the past we antagonized her; more recently we have patronized her; it is now essential that we accept her.

When in the summer of 1936 representatives of the Powers met at the summons of Turkey to reconsider the problem of the Straits, another link was forged in that long and knotted chain which the nineteenth century knew as the "Eastern Question," or more familiarly "the Question." "An ugly and frightful object" Stratford Canning called it once. The Montreux conference met in an atmosphere very different from that which was only too usual at the great controversial moments of the nineteenth century. It opened and closed to the tune of enthusiastic congratulation on the diplomatic correctness of Turkey which, instead of violating it, asked that a treaty be revised. But praise and a satisfactory conclusion notwithstanding, the long fight between Litvinov and the British

delegates clearly showed that " the Question " was still there and that it was still an " ugly and frightful object."

The regime of international control of the Straits was scrapped in favour of Russo-Turkish security. From the Russian point of view, then, Montreux, reversing the main stipulations of the Lausanne Convention, was the most notable achievement up to date of Soviet diplomacy. The difference may be seen at a glance if we put the chief points of the two treaties side by side :—

Lausanne.

1. In peace-time—complete liberty of passage through the Straits. (A reservation providing that the strength of the fleet of any non-littoral power entering the Black Sea shall not exceed the maximum strength of any littoral fleet within the Black Sea.)
2. In time of war, Turkey being neutral—complete liberty of passage for all warships.
3. In time of war, Turkey being belligerent—complete liberty for neutral vessels.

Montreux.

1. In peace-time—unrestricted passage out of the Black Sea for Russia. Restricted passage into the Black Sea for other Powers.
2. In time of war, Turkey being neutral—closure of the Straits except to warships acting on behalf of the League of Nations.
3. In time of war, Turkey being belligerent—closure of the Straits at Turkey's discretion.

It was, of course, inevitable that the two crucial stipulations on which Litvinov met and eventually conquered British opposition should be :—(1) the closing of the Straits to all warships (except those acting under League auspices) in war-time, thus transforming the Black Sea into a *mare clausum*, and (2) freedom of passage out of the Black Sea for Russian warships. There was a good deal of manœuvring, on Great Britain's part mostly clumsy ; a good deal of " academic " discussion ; hard work for the experts and tedious waiting for the delegates, but finally on July 20th, 1936, the treaty was signed. Great Britain's last-minute acceptance of the Russian propositions was explained in different ways, the British press finding refuge in a reference to League principles and the desirability of bringing a conference to a satisfactory close, the French, more resourcefully, hinting at the necessity for Great Britain of raising before the eyes of the Wilhelmstrasse the " spectre of an Anglo-Russian alliance." However that may be, Litvinov carried his point. Assuming

that the friendship of the U.S.S.R. with Kemalist Turkey continues unchequered, Turkey will act as the Russian watch-dog on the Straits. Taken by and large the Russian position is unquestionably stronger to-day than it has been since the signature of the Straits Convention of 1840.

The trend of circumstance has thus enabled Soviet diplomacy to attain with the consent of Europe that ideal relationship with the holder of the gate between the Mediterranean and the Black Sea which was attained in the nineteenth century without the consent of Europe by the Emperor Nicholas I. In the opinion of nineteenth-century British statesmen Russian influence at Constantinople could not be but dangerous to a Power suffering from multitudinous and apparently incurable disabilities. The famous secret treaty of Unkiar Skelessi (1833) seemed to place Constantinople and the Straits within Russia's grasp. European diplomacy, therefore, knew no respite till it had forced Russia to accept the Straits Convention of 1840, by which she lost the advantages of her bilateral agreement with Turkey. Fearful of the consequences of Unkiar Skelessi, Palmerston succeeded in rendering ineffectual the far-sighted and obviously advantageous policy of Russian friendship with the Porte. To Great Britain an alliance between Russia and Turkey was a nightmare. Indeed, throughout the century the British aim was to keep Russia well entangled with the other Powers where the Eastern Question was concerned and at the same time to refuse any definite Anglo-Russian *rapprochement* when it was sought by Russia.

Thus, Turco-Russian friendship—or as British diplomacy preferred to put it, Turkish compliance towards her insincere protector—was short-lived. Nesselrode's far-seeing policy could not, as circumstances were then, outweigh the Turcophobe traditions of Russian diplomacy on the one hand, or, on the other, withstand the hostility, suspicion and skill of the British Foreign Office. But that phase is interesting to us to-day when Soviet statesmanship, running smoothly in harness with Turkey, has gained the double advantage of naval security within the Black Sea and free passage out of the Straits. When in 1922 Chicherin stood out unsuccessfully against the opening of the Straits he was accused by the European press of " using the language of the

Czars." In 1936 it would have been highly discourteous to bring the same accusation against M. Litvinov, but it would have been perfectly justifiable. Where the security of the Straits and control of the Black Sea are concerned the language of the Soviet delegation must necessarily be the same as the language of Czarist diplomacy. Political regimes may alter, but geographical features do not.

This, however, does not imply that the Straits mean for Soviet what they did for Imperial Russia. (Undoubtedly one of the great blessings of the Russian Revolution is that it has severed the thread which linked Russian political thought to the capital of Byzantium.) The former has thoroughly assimilated the lesson which the latter found impossible to learn—that possession of the Straits is for Russia useless; useless because it is untenable, short of a fantastic conquest which would cover the Balkans and Asia Minor. Russia during the nineteenth century sought the impossible and the unnecessary. Constantinople and the Straits were for her a kind of mirage, a dream which for ever tempted her. For its sake she almost scorned the rich prizes which fell to her from elsewhere. In order to realize how deep-rooted that misconception was in Russian political thought, it is only necessary to remember that as her share in the theoretical post-war settlement Russia demanded and obtained from the allies Constantinople and the Straits. We know now that the crucial point of the memoir presented by Sazonov to the allies at the time of the Gallipoli operations, read as follows :

> " The course of recent events leads the Emperor Nicholas to the conclusion that the question of Constantinople and the Straits must be solved in accordance with the age-long desires of Russia."

But Lenin, immediately on coming to power, renounced Constantinople.

Considering the past and present of the Straits problem a French observer recently remarked that " Russia will never disinterest herself from the Black Sea." That is true, but it must also be remembered that the possibility of Russia's fighting an *action de front* on the Black Sea is very remote. It is remote for a very important reason. Her interest in the Balkans

is now entirely confined to apprehensions of Pangermanism. There are no grounds for supposing that she will voluntarily depart on her Western frontier from her policy of agreements studiously in line with the League system. She has no purpose to fulfil in the Mediterranean. For her to-day security on the Straits means a very different thing from what it meant formerly. It means Asia. *The closing of the Straits, therefore, is not now the closing of a front, but of a back door.* And it is instructive for us to realize that Russian discussions of Montreux and the Straits problem hark back to the present position in the Far East and the possibilities of conflict in the Pacific. The Straits have become the Russian back door because Russia is unable to operate on two fronts. Her history from the days of Napoleon to the Great War proves this axiom. The periods of Asiatic expansion coincide always with periods of quiet on the Near Eastern front. It is the irony of her past that whereas so much energy and strife went to the pursuit of temporary and insecure victories on the shores of the Black Sea, the way in Asia was, in spite of the opposition of Great Britain, a way of lasting and splendid success. And though Imperial Russia was often both casual and ruthless in her attitude towards her newly acquired territories, the foundations of Russian power in the Transcaspian were well enough laid to withstand the turmoil of revolution and civil war.

In its concern for the development of the republics of Turkmenistan, Uzbekistan, Kazakstan, the Soviet Government is not pursuing purely economic aims. It is inspired by the belief that Great Britain, who came out of the Great War as holder of mandates over Palestine, Iraq and the Trans-Jordan, is anxious to maintain the maximum of control over the Near East and to create a " dry " road to India. It is in that sense, of course, that Russian publicists read the treaty between Great Britain and Iraq, with its clause permitting Great Britain freedom in moving troops, and the making of a port in Haifa, in Palestine. British attention, they feel, is at present concentrated on the Eastern half of the Mediterranean and an increase of security on the Suez Canal. It follows that the scene of conflict between Russia and Great Britain, if conflict there will be, has definitely shifted east towards Persia and that

the alliance with Turkey must, therefore, remain a corner-stone of Russian policy. Without it the new Straits Convention loses for Russia its all-important character of a barrier.

What meanwhile of Russia's position in Asia generally? By a happy trick of fate it happened that, just when in Switzerland Litvinov was pitting his weight against the time-honoured British obstinacy over the Straits Question, Moscow was busy celebrating the fifteenth anniversary of the Mongolian Republic, that strategic point of Soviet influence, touching "Japanese" Manchukuo in the East and the troubled No Man's Land of Sinkiang in the West. Some months previously a convention of mutual assistance had been signed between the U.S.S.R. and the Mongolian Republic. One does not need to be burdened with the full equipment of the historian to appreciate the point of a photograph, published by "Pravda," of Mongol actors performing that classic of Russian literature "The Government Inspector." Russia, Bismarck declared, had a great civilizing mission to fulfil in Asia.

It is almost unnecessary to repeat that the fulfilling of that mission has at no time been acceptable to Great Britain. When we collect such meagre information as comes our way of Soviet activities in Outer Mongolia or, as was recently the case with one intrepid and celebratedly ill-equipped traveller, in Sinkiang, we feel that Russia is "meddling" in Asia, and finding spheres of influence and markets in regions where her absence would be so much more satisfactory. But the truth of the matter is that the U.S.S.R. is not guilty of stepping in while other people were looking the other way. It has acquired no spheres of influence which were not recognizedly Russian long before the Soviets came into power. The first Sino-Russian treaty which opened Sinkiang to Russian trade was signed in 1881. Relations between Mongolia and Russia have been close since Mongolia declared herself independent in 1911. These are spheres where "favoured-nation" treatment for Russia is taken quite for granted and where the presence of her commercial and political representatives is a tradition and not an intrusion. In the early days of the Soviet regime Chicherin said in a speech :

> "They (British statesmen) dream of secret agents when they are faced with the effects of an historical process."

As things are at present the business of the U.S.S.R. is "to have and to hold." There is a cotton-mill at Tashkent, there are lorries in Samarkand, but in sharp contrast to the latter-day aims of Czarist Russia, no headway has been made with Soviet commerce in the Pacific. The Soviet Government frequently protests that it has no expansionist ambitions, and its protests are far more genuine that we tend to believe for the simple reason that there is nowhere further to expand with safety. At the same time it cannot be denied that its economic control of Sinkiang and Outer Mongolia cannot be effectively checked. The historical process is practically complete. The Russians of the nineteenth century were brilliant soldiers and pioneers; the Russians of the twentieth bid fair to show themselves equally brilliant "empire-builders." By entirely reversing the policy of its predecessors the Soviet Government has shown a fine grasp of reality. Replacing, where its own territories are concerned, pro-consular rule by that of autonomy under the careful direction of efficient, Moscow-trained deputies, it has taken the sting out of Pan-Asiatic agitation and at the same time preserved quite enough Communist idealism to be able to maintain itself in a communistically "correct" attitude. That policy is unquestionably successful. Whether it is by applying severe economic pressure to recalcitrant populations, as was the case in 1932-1933, or by the propagation of culture, the Soviets increase their authority and yearly consolidate their position. The enthusiasm of the Soviet citizen for the nascent literary activities of nomads may strike us as naïve, but it is very significant. If, as she desires, Russia can keep out of war—and her conduct in the Sino-Japanese conflict may be taken as typical of her reluctance to militant activity in the Far East—the harvest of her labours in Asia promises to be very remarkable indeed.

But conflict in Europe must inevitably halt Russia in Asia. A little over a year ago the late Marshal Tukhachevsky referred to the necessity of Russia being prepared for war on two fronts: the German and the Japanese. Russian fears and dislike of Pangermanism have been recently intensified by the famous understanding between Japan and Germany which in its widest application telescopes the two fronts into one. Meanwhile recent events in Spain have proved that the efficiency of the

Russian military organisation is not a mere boast and, as we have seen, the Montreux Conference has completed the process of Russia's return to a status of equality among the European powers. But in Russia's political system there is one flaw. It is, to quote a Soviet writer :

> "the enmity towards the U.S.S.R. which during the whole post-war period, has run like a scarlet thread through English politics."

Montreux provides the most recent example of the deep-seated British prejudice against the U.S.S.R. In her anxiety about the Mediterranean Britain tried to get over the effects of the Russo-Turkish alliance by one of those manœuvres which have done so much to undermine her prestige on the Continent. To ask of a Power, intimately concerned in the protection of a vulnerable coastline, that she should sign an international agreement which allows the sending at any moment of a fleet of warships for "humanitarian ends," is surely to expect such altriusm of an opponent as could not be asked even of a friend. Our incurable habit of suddenly retreating from the carefully surveyed ground of politics into the unmapped realms of charity profits neither our politics nor our good works. As the *Manchester Guardian* alone of the British Press appreciated at the time, the policy of the National Government, revealed a sound knowledge of history, but a great lack of flexibility. It is best described by the word "old-fashioned." Now the art of politics consists in knowing when a given policy begins to "date." The political barometer is a very sensitive instrument which is only too easy to misread. Undoubtedly to-day it points towards a constructive handling of the Russian problem. It is in the interests of world peace that an Anglo-Russian understanding on the bases of the Eastern Question should not be allowed to remain "spectral" much longer. Public opinion is, unfortunately, wholly unprepared for it. It would be well if the serious press would undertake the task of educating it towards a more constructive, unprejudiced and up-to-date attitude.

EBB AND FLOW.

By Stephen Gwynn.

THERE has seldom been a moment when so many grave situations in different parts of the world seemed at the same time to be approaching dramatic developments. In India the Congress party has at last decided to take part in working the new institutions. That way leads, no doubt, to trouble, for Congress does not conceal its purpose of working its constitutional powers so as to change the whole relation between India and British Raj in a way which England is unlikely to approve. None the less, that way leads at least possibly to the application of ideas congenial to all the British Commonwealth. It leads to organized freedom. The other way, which they have rejected, led to chaos. Mr. Gandhi evidently saw that, and future historians may probably recognize how great a service to peace has been rendered by this extraordinary man, who commanded nothing but the respect inspired by his personal qualities. No man could be more completely Asiatic, and yet he has been a bridge between the West and the East.

Congress "Marches"

The same day that brought news of Congress's decision made public the Palestine Commission's Report. As that Report, whose recommendations H.M. Government endorses, is discussed fully elsewhere, I will only say here that although, naturally, the proposal for partition is furiously resented both by Jew and by Arab, it is inherently workable, and it provides what Jewish sentiment and anti-Jewish sentiment have made absolutely necessary—a national home for the Jews: a territory where Jews can show, not as subjects but as rulers, what they can do. Nobody can suppose that such a solution will be final; but at least a way is opened out of an indecent and impossible situation.

Again, in Spain, where dangers appeared to accumulate,

there are rifts in the storm cloud. Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini, apparently, were encouraged by the simultaneous crisis in France and in Russia and thought it timely to impose their will when France was in straits for money and Russia had " liquidated " a dozen or more of her best generals. Accordingly, they issued what sounded extremely like an order. They would withdraw from the naval control which was designed to keep out reinforcements; they rejected the idea that in their absence this should be carried out by French and British jointly, and first they demanded rather than suggested that all the neutral Powers should accord belligerent status to both Spanish parties. Mr. Eden and Lord Plymouth, displaying extreme patience, refused to fall in with this proposition, while the French gave it to be understood that unless control was maintained they would no longer guarantee that the Pyrenean frontier should be closed against arms and volunteers. Meanwhile, General Franco, adapting his tone to that used by the dictators, has warned Europe that when he wins those who opposed his progress cannot expect to be treated like those who helped him. British opinion would be more impressed by a display of willingness to fight out this quarrel without foreign assistance ; as, according to friendly observers, he is well able to do. It is even possible that he may be advised by his German and Italian backers in this sense ; because they have become aware that a bullying attitude will not of itself produce results and that the risks which they have been taking may result in an actual conflict which they are not prepared to face. Signor Mussolini must be well aware of the possibility that he might find his country after some naval incident faced with an ultimatum from France and England jointly ; and that in such case Germany might consult her own interest by a policy of extreme discretion.

Spanish Storm Clouds

M. Blum's administration upset many prophecies of disaster, but such prophets were never more out than when it fell without any disturbance to public order. French parliamentary institutions come in for so much criticism that it is well to note certain advantages which they possess. Their Upper House can overthrow an administra-

France Stands Firm

tion which commands a large majority in the popularly elected Chamber, and can overthrow it on a question of finance; the House of Lords could not do that. Secondly, a government can be overthrown without a brusque change of policy, or even of persons. M. Blum ceases to be Prime Minister but he remains in office. No *Président du Conseil* thinks it an unworthy surrender to serve under one who had been his subordinate. I have always thought it a fruitful cause of disaster that at a crisis of the European War Mr. Asquith refused to remain in office under the Coalition unless he remained at the head of it.

All French governments are coalitions. The Senate were on doubt moved by the constant French distrust of extreme personal power when they refused to entrust to M. Blum a temporary dictatorship in finance. Yet they have entrusted the same powers to the same coalition when headed by M. Chautemps who represents another element in it. The fact was that M. Blum had carried a great many measures for each of which there was widespread approval in France; but he had carried them without counting the cost, and the country, as we know now, was on the verge of bankruptcy. Somehow the financial crisis had to be faced, and the Senate were not prepared to trust M. Blum with the task of facing it. There is no reversal of policy, but M. Chautemps, not M. Blum, must decide the pace of advance towards social ideals, many of which were long ago realized, in considerable measure, under the British monarchy.

France: A Spiritual Entity

The extreme individualism of employers in France as in the United States has brought both these republican democracies in sight of grave civil violence. But in France the problem takes on its own peculiar shape, and British readers as well as the author may be congratulated on the timeliness of two very useful books. One of these is the reprint of addresses on French life and institutions broadcast by Dr. Cloudesley Brereton, whose death, which occurred whilst this article was in the press, is a real loss to international understanding. A special prize awarded for these contributions in France, indicates the value set on them by the nation which they interpret so faithfully. In the other Mr. H. G. Daniels, who was for several years chief correspondent of *The*

Times in Paris, discusses and expounds as *The Framework of France* the whole working of French political organisations. But he sets that exposition against a survey of the country as it is today. There is, for instance, excellent characterization of the great provincial cities, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Lyons and Rouen; a most instructive chapter on Alsace and its special difficulties; and a brilliant summing-up of French colonial policy—" France arms the native and Britain disarms him—the colour bar tends to disappear in the acceptance of France as a spiritual faith." That last phrase gives a key to the whole book. France, as Mr. Daniels perceives, is to Frenchmen far more than a geographical expression. It may be, as some think, less France since the Revolution, or it may be more completely itself; but under whatever political form, it is the same spiritual entity, and to Frenchmen, the supreme expression of European civilization. Clemenceau was born under the bourgeois monarchy of Louis Philippe, but he was born into France; he went to jail as a student under the Second Empire, but under the Second Empire, France was France; when the Third Republic was launched, he spent thirty years defending it against the attempts of other Frenchmen, as French as he was, to turn it into a monarchy. Yet in the last stage of the Republic's crucial struggle, he, the life-long anti-clerical, entrusted the supreme command to Foch, who went to mass daily. In the last resort France comes first; but there are always divergent or opposing views how to make France a more perfect expression of what she stands for. Mr. Daniels recognizes that in all camps today Frenchmen are deeply discontented with their parliament. The country, he thinks may go Communist, or may go Fascist. But, he says, " what must be, must be French." The German—Mr. Daniels thinks—has (and he lived as long in Germany as in France) distrusts liberty and is happier without it; whereas any system which rejected the free development of the individual would be " the very negation of France." Setting the facts of this month beside Mr. Daniels' outline of institutions, it looks a good deal less impossible to make some necessary amendments in the working of republican institutions than to bring about the dictatorship of a Soviet or of a monarch. An Assembly that was chiefly monarchist found, after 1871, that

" a Republic is the system which divides us least."

The New Irish Constitution

The Irish general election and the plebiscite on a draft constitution accompanying it have considerable significance—especially after the deliberate absence of Ireland from the Imperial Conference. Mr. de Valera's party refuses to recognize itself as a natural part of the British Commonwealth of Nations but is willing to continue to act in association with the Commonwealth, recognizing by special Act of Parliament the King as head of the Association. This party gets exactly half the seats. Mr. de Valera might conceivably have got more had he decided to proclaim a Republic. Instead, he has set a very subtle mind to devising a Constitution which shall express his conception of the facts. Ireland is to have no obligatory relation to the King. Instead of a Viceroy or Governor-General, the official head of State will be an elected President. Plainly this brings a new feature into the Commonwealth ; yet the difference here is one of form rather than of reality, since, following a precedent first established by the Irish Free State, every Governor-General tends now to be chosen from within the Dominion on the advice of a popularly elected Government. Mr. Healy and Mr. MacNeill before they were chosen successively to represent the King in Ireland had been fierce opponents of the King's government in Ireland under the old order. These men were no doubt chosen after genuine consultation with the English Cabinet. Equally without doubt, Mr. de Valera, as head of a popularly elected Government, imposed on the Crown as representative of the Crown Mr. Donal Buckley, who was directed to make his office as undignified as it could be when filled by a very reputable citizen. A President elected by popular vote will be a very different figure.

Legally, he will be head of the Irish army ; and this also is an innovation within the Commonwealth. But, since his control will be exercised on the advice of the Ministers responsible to him, the facts of the situation will not be changed. What will be changed is that an irregular situation is replaced by a regular one. The position of the Free State's army has never been clearly defined ; and the change is for the better. With

a little wisdom other changes of much wider import might follow. At present the position of Ireland within the British Commonwealth is satisfactory to no one. A Dominion can if it chooses secede. The declaration of a separate Republic would certainly not be followed by a declaration of war. There is no probability of extreme action on either side. Ireland, which would be allowed to secede, will be allowed to define its position by its constitution, at all events without active opposition. Frank agreement is too much to hope for. Yet Mr. de Valera has the respect of those who have met him in London officially, and the line which he has more than once taken conspicuously at Geneva proves that, if the British policy is to strengthen the League of Nations, his support can be counted on unreservedly. " We " and not " they " are his natural allies ; and in this he speaks for Ireland which dislikes equally Fascist and Communist.

Ireland and the British Nexus

In truth the relation between Ireland and Britain should be one of friendship imposed by the facts of geography and by a tradition common to both countries. England today condemns as un-English the policy pursued by England in the Irish penal laws : she accepts as English in spirit Grattan's policy, O'Connell's policy, Parnell's policy, Redmond's policy : just as she accepts George Washington's. None the less, the inheritance from England's un-English actions in Ireland is still there—not the least part of it being the long wound to Irish pride. Ireland feels a need to assert independence aggressively as the other Dominions do not. But it does not follow that she cannot be trusted for common action in the interest of both islands.

The economic quarrel is a quarrel about money, and any quarrel about money can be settled, if only money is at stake. At the moment Ireland does not feel the urgency of settlement because national credit is still unexhausted, and because England, in a boom period, is taking the place which the United States used to hold as a recipient for Irish labour. While there is demand for hard outdoor work, not congenial to the townbred, Ireland will be as useful to England as England is to Ireland. But there is another consideration. A war in which the British navy would be involved is unhappily not impossible.

Given such war, the naval bases in the Free State held by England would need careful control of a large area behind them. With a friendly Ireland, taking its normal place in the Commonwealth, these areas could be patrolled and supervised by the Free State army. With an Ireland sullenly neutral, the British forces would be driven to extend control by force over a population which in resentment of what would be regarded as a conquest would become at once hostile. It is not necessary to enlarge on the effect, extending over all the English-speaking world.

Ireland must speak with one Voice

Settlement can only be attained by a Government in Ireland which can speak for both sides in the Dail, and which can inspire confidence in England. This was shaken by Mr. de Valera's refusal to be bound by acts of his predecessor. Settlement can indeed come only by the open act of a Dail deciding by a large majority. It can only be attempted by a government which can count on something other than factious criticism from its domestic opponents: and that has not been the lot of either Mr. Cosgrave's administration or of Mr. de Valera's. The first need for Ireland is to face the actual situation either with a representative coalition, or at least in the spirit of a " National " government. Mr. de Valera and Mr. Cosgrave both have high qualities. It is Mr. Cosgrave who would have to make the concessions: for the lead must rest with Mr. de Valera, and the credit would accrue to him. But Mr. Cosgrave is a man who would be capable of self-effacement. This would be difficult to some of his ablest colleagues and to his party as a whole. The chance is theirs to serve Ireland, but only on condition of passing over the reward to long-standing opponents.

Barrie's death must mean more to his own generation than to those who cannot remember the late eighties or even the nineties.

Barrie and his Peers.

The group to which he belongs—if only by ties of close friendship—included Meredith and Hardy, who were writing almost before he was born, and Stevenson, who lived long enough to see the unknown young Scot become famous. Kipling was his exact contemporary: Galsworthy and Arnold Bennett arrived a good deal later. But at the beginning of this century, except for Stevenson, who

was dead, all these men, with Shaw and Wells survivors of the group, held roughly equal rank. Not that Barrie would have allowed himself to be put on a level with either Meredith or Hardy for whom he had veneration approaching hero-worship. As to the others—he never desired comparisons and classifications: no writer could be more free from jealousy and more generous in his judgment. But he said to me some years ago with great emphasis that of living English writers Kipling stood in a class by himself; and he praised the reticence and dignity of Kipling's way of life.

It was indeed easy for Barrie not to be jealous. Success came to him with both hands open; and repute and money were not the best part of it. People liked him, and he liked to be liked. He loved the company of women, and women loved his company; they knew his gift for friendship, his rare understanding of other people's sorrows. But men, and men of all sorts, were strongly drawn to him. His sympathy ran strongly to the adventurous, and it was returned. Scott going on his last journey to the Antarctic commended his year-old son to Barrie's care. When the Irish Treaty was in negotiation, Michael Collins was made free of the flat in the Adelphi, and used to come there in the small hours to pour out his anxiety lest the Englishmen were being too clever for him. General Freyberg, nine times wounded in the war, with two bars to his D.S.O. and the V.C., loved—and I do not use the word lightly—this companionable solitary. Probably Barrie never saw danger near, but he liked the men for whom it was their natural element; and he gave the impression that physical courage, if it were needed, would never have failed him. His greeting, over and above the sense of cordial welcome, had something specially frank and manly.

Barrie as a Political Host

Everybody knows—or at least used to know—of his enthusiasm for cricket, and his team of the Allahhackbarries, out of which he and scores of others (some distinguished performers, some the reverse), got enormous fun. Politics made another lifelong interest. In his very early days he lodged in the same house with that beloved oddity, W. J. Craig, the Shakespearean

scholar; and Craig, a sound Ulster Unionist, used to declare that Barrie consulted him about the possibility of entering Parnell's party. That probably was never serious; anyhow, he never took any active hand in the game. But when he and I were guests together for a week-end, nearly thirty years ago, his shrewd appreciation of parliamentary affairs amazed me. No doubt, his interest was in men rather than in measures; his admiration for Mr. Winston Churchill was greatly enhanced because that ambitious young politician had just made a love match. Twenty years later, it was a surprise again to find that a select company of politicians, from various parties, dined habitually at his flat. Outsiders like myself were invited occasionally; but Lord Grey of Fallodon, Augustine Birrell, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Baldwin, Donald Maclean (then leader of the Liberal party and a very old friend) were, so to say, denizens—as also was the editor of *The Times*. Ramsay MacDonald, then Prime Minister in a Labour administration, was there with me for the first time; and Mr. Baldwin, leader of the opposition, was fussing over him like a hen with one chick. When the National Government was formed, Barrie said to me that Mr. Baldwin would probably do more to make things easy for the Prime Minister than he would for his own brother.

At that dinner Barrie was the perfect host, taking part in the talk but never a leading part. It was by himself in his study with a very small company that he would occasionally, when the humour took him, discourse perhaps better than any man I ever listened to. Meredith was a favourite theme. In this kind of reminiscence there were no ingenious tricks of speech, no attempt at epigram; just the unstudied play of a first-rate mind. On the other hand, he was a master at the studiously unstudied discourse to a big audience, after a banquet or some public occasion. There he was the dramatist calculating the effect of every word, visualizing his audience in advance; and he invariably brought it off. That was part of his craftsmanship. Those who know praise his stage technique; as a writer I have always thought him one of the very best, though his terse simplicity seems so easy that its skill often goes unrecognized.

Barrie the Friend

His work as a whole is out of fashion; the last and to my mind

the most accomplished of his stories *Farewell Miss Julie Logan* was almost unnoticed. As a writer he will never have a universal appeal, any more than Sterne, an author with whom he has a good deal in common. Not everybody likes the flavour of quince, but those who do like it greatly. Sterne's work, however, has a seasoning not to be found in Barrie, whose make-up had no trace of nastiness. I cannot be sure whether I derived more pleasure from his stories or his plays: *The Admirable Crichton* gave me more enjoyment than any modern play in English not even excepting anything of Shaw's; and in its smaller compass *The Twelve Pound Look* is even better. Harry Irving as Crichton, Miss Lena Ashwell in *The Twelve Pound Look*, are not forgettable. But everybody in any Barrie play seemed to have the part which suited. At least that was true down to the last. I hope that *The Boy David* will be published so that one can judge it in print as a piece of literature, stripped of elaborate stage trappings. It was different from his other work, admittedly,—I am not sure it was not better work. Few things ever hurt me more than the disappointment which this play brought to one who had indeed been pampered with success but who had used the rewards of success for secret kindness and for happy hospitality; one whose genius I had watched for nearly fifty years, and had admired this side of idolatry.

—and the Author

PALESTINE IN THE MIDDLE AGES

By Professor R. F. Treharne.

THE CRUSADE : The World's Debate, by Hilaire Belloc. *Cassell and Co., Ltd.* 12*s.* 6*d.* 314 *pp.*

The progress made, especially by French and American scholars, during the last thirty years' study of the Crusades, and the absence of any substantial general account, by a British author, of this great episode, offer to Mr. Belloc, with his acknowledged place as a popular writer on military history, an unusual opportunity for a very welcome book. Mr. Belloc writes for readers knowing little or nothing of medieval history, but interested in strategy and in human adventure : he provides no learned footnotes, and explains, even at the cost of long digressions upon elementary matters, the differences in circumstances and outlook between the Crusaders and modern mankind. His treatment is predominantly strategical and secondarily political : he describes the First Crusade, the foundation of the Christian states in Syria and Palestine, and their destruction by Saladin after the catastrophic defeat at Hattin in 1187. Though the Crusades continued for another century, it is legitimate to end the book here, for, as Mr. Belloc says, " all that followed was of another kind " ; but this hardly justifies his frequent assertion that no Crusade after 1187 could possibly succeed, and that these later Crusades " were true Crusades no longer."

Except on the vital matter of numbers Mr. Belloc's factual narrative generally follows closely the results of recent scholarship. He makes one valuable contribution. While the strategic importance of Syria and Palestine as the link between Asia and Africa is universally recognized, Mr. Belloc, analysing the geographical factors in some detail, stresses in quite a new way the danger menacing the Christian states from the Moslem retention of the " fertile fringe " lying between the East Syrian mountains and the desert, from Aleppo to Damascus. Had the Crusaders cut this, the last and best route affording communication—and ultimately, union—between the Moslems of Irak and Persia and those of Egypt, they would vastly have strengthened their position. But Mr. Belloc exaggerates in saying that Islam, thus " cut in two, would have bled to death of the wound," for Islam was not as feeble as this implies. Nor could the capture of Aleppo and Damascus have saved the Crusaders finally : even if Christian garrisons there could have permanently blocked co-operation between the two sections of Islam, the possession of Egypt was not essential for the Islamic reconquest of Syria, for whenever one great leader could unite Persia, Irak, and the Turks of Asia Minor, the Crusaders were doomed. By fostering division and preventing reunion in Islam, the Christian occupation of Damascus and Aleppo would have delayed the inevitable, but not for long : Saladin would have overthrown the Christians before conquering Egypt, instead of securing Egypt before destroying the Crusaders.

The crucial fact was numbers, and here Mr. Belloc seems to be wrong. He rightly says that the Crusade failed for lack of men, but does not realize how great was that lack from the outset. Two great authorities on the subject have recently declared the evidence inadequate for an estimate of the numbers engaged in the First Crusade; yet we should probably reject the fantastic contemporary figures of 300,000 effective soldiers which Mr. Belloc accepts after some calculation. Two very careful recent estimates, based on a close examination of the contemporary figures, have respectively suggested 60,000 and 25,000 as maximum figures for the army at Constantinople.

The fact is that at no time did the Crusades produce a situation in which "the two religions had each summoned all the forces at its disposal" as Mr. Belloc, greatly exaggerating the importance of and the numbers engaged at Dorylaeum, declares. Islam had done that once, under the early Caliphs, but never again: and among the Christians the Holy War never brought more than a minute fraction of its man-power into the field. The Crusades were never the war that Mr. Belloc imagines.

Mr. Belloc sees the Crusades too much in the spirit of the Crusaders—indeed, at the end of the book he seems to be urging a new Crusade. To him Islam is the enemy—a "powerful new heresy" which "opened the gates to a racial force of murder and disorder." He indiscriminately brands the entire Islamic world with the worst Turkish vices, ignoring the high material civilization, the art, and the learning which set the cultured Saracens so far above their Christian opponents in the arts of civilization. He denies the virtues which Saladin undoubtedly possessed, and he judges by two standards, for when Saladin slays prisoners after Hatlin, it is murder, but when the Crusaders do the same, he is silent. He is similarly unfair to Byzantium, and for the same reason. Alexius Comnenus treated generously the dangerous rabble which preceded the Crusade, while the Crusaders, on their march to Antioch, depended entirely on Alexius for supplies, a debt which Mr. Belloc does not recognize. Nor did Alexius entirely deserve Mr. Belloc's strictures for his failure to accompany the Crusaders to Antioch and Jerusalem: with most of Asia Minor still in Turkish hands (as the destruction of the three Crusading armies of 1101 proves) Alexius, whose resources were strictly limited, could have little interest in helping to place Syria and Palestine under the Crusader's rule, with a purely nominal overlordship for his own sole reward.

The book has some vigorous and telling passages on the marches through Asia Minor and Syria, the capture of Antioch and Jerusalem, and the battles of Dorylaeum and Hattin; but it does not maintain this level. The digressions into medieval history at large are both too numerous and too controversial, and seriously impede the flow of the story: the chapter on the foundation of the kingdom is disorderly and vague in chronology, and leaves too many gaps to be easy to follow. There are a few inaccuracies in detail, due to haste: Bohemund was the eldest, not a younger son of Guiscard: the compass-points in part of the account of the siege of Antioch are wrong: and Haifa was captured on Aug. 20, 1100, not Aug. 20, 1099—a point of some little importance, as Mr. Belloc cites the capture of Haifa, eight days after the victory of Ascalon as evidence of rapid movement, whereas actually a year and eight days intervened. The number of repetitions—even of so valuable a point as the importance of the Aleppo—Damascus road—grows rather wearisome, and in one case half a paragraph reappears verbally in another part of the book. Altogether, despite the interest of several parts of the story, this is unlikely to be considered one of Mr. Belloc's more successful ventures.

GREEN FIELDS

By Philip Gosse.

BRITAIN AND THE BEAST. Ed. by Clough Williams-Ellis. *Dent.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

OUT OF DOORS IN ENGLAND, by James Turle. *Constable.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE FACE OF IRELAND, by Michael Floyd. *Batsford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

MY IRELAND, by Lord Dunsany. *Jarrolds.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The growing indignation at the rapid spoliation of the countryside has culminated in the production of this very remarkable book, *Britain and the Beast*, which is a collection of articles written by twenty-six authors. Personally I confess to suspecting books written by several authors; they are apt to smack too much of anthologies: tit-bits from the best of the famous.

But here we have a series of essays written by experts, each one a specialist in his own particular subject, who gives his views on the best way to preserve the country from the spoilers and at the same time make it possible for the millions of urban dwellers to enjoy their country without bringing about its destruction. In *Britain and the Beast* the reader has the opinions of diverse authorities, naturalists, doctors, great land-owners and agriculturalists, as well as those of such professional champions of the countryside as Sir William Beach Thomas, Prof. C. E. M. Joad and Mr. H. J. Massingham.

This is by no means the ordinary book about "Beautiful Britain." The writers shew up the ugly side as well as the beautiful, and suggest remedies for the ugliness and plans for the preservation of what is beautiful. Sentiment finds no place here, for the authors are fully alive to the inevitable change in the country which has already begun and must continue with modern life.

With such a galaxy of talent it is out of the question to discuss or even to quote from more than a very few of the authors. Professor Joad is violent and forcible in expressing his unabashed views, or shall we say, is at his best and most ruthless, but like many other writers, agrees that "the multitude is sorely in need of education on how to enjoy access to private land, before this access is granted."

Prof. R. G. Stapledon, who represents agricultural interests, looks upon the present-day desire of the people to enjoy the quiet country places as a reaction against the mass-psychology by which the urban worker is driven to take his holidays from his industrial town at some crowded seaside resort. Lord Horder, as a doctor, chooses for his subject, Quiet, and lays stress upon the importance of saving us all from the nerve-racking effects of noise. He also considers that measures ought to be taken to discourage the collecting together of men and women into mobs, although it is not clear exactly how this is to be done.

This burning question of the preservation of Britain, which has so far been left almost entirely in the hands of a few societies, such as the National Trust and the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, is now becoming one for the State itself to tackle, and to tackle immediately and fearlessly,

all that is most lovely in this country is not to be lost for ever. There are thousands of educated and intelligent citizens who appreciate the gravity of the situation and its urgency, but there are still millions who do not understand nor appreciate it and who look upon the quiet countryside as somewhere to spend a few hours or days at, leaving behind them litter and destruction. And there are, as well, our speculative builders. Something must be done and done at once; and this readable, likeable and superbly illustrated book should do more than any other that has yet been written with the object of saving our country, not so much for ourselves as for those who will follow us.

Out of Doors in England is quite a different sort of book from *Britain and the Beast*. As in his previous books, Mr. Turle recounts in a charming style his leisurely walks and small adventures in the rural by-paths of England, and his conversations with English peasants and tramps. The writer is a close observer of birds, flowers and insects as well as of men, and also evidently a close reader of the English classics of rural life from which he makes copious and well chosen quotations.

The author of *The Face of Ireland* describes his book as "a straightforward and systematic account of Irish scenery, adapted to the uses both of the tourist and the "arm-chair" traveller." Straightforward it is, and none the worse for that, but it is also easy and pleasant to read. It has little about antiquity or legend or the Celtic Twilight, but a mass of useful and interesting information for the traveller to Ireland and the lover of Ireland.

Mr. Floyd has not allowed himself to be tempted to dwell unduly on the recognized "beauty spots," and all to the good, for he has visited and described scores of lovely places which are usually ignored by most writers about Ireland.

A feature of *The Face of Ireland* is the truly remarkable series of photographs which alone would make this book worth-while buying. As is the case of the illustrations to the former book, they are the work of Mr. Will F. Taylor.

In *My Ireland* Lord Dunsany confesses that the serious purpose of his book was to tell the curious reader what the Irish people really think of their new political system. Fortunately for his curious readers, and they number thousands, the author never discovered the answer, for whenever he started to make enquiries of the inhabitants the conversation was sure to drift into other and much more amusing channels, such as ancient legends of the Kings of Ireland, of fairyland, or accounts of his prowess with gun and cricket bat.

He also tells some amusing Irish stories and witty repartees of such men as Dr. Mahaffy, who on one occasion as Vice-provost of Trinity College, Dublin, being called upon to reprove an undergraduate for swearing, said, "Are you aware that by swearing you endanger your immortal soul; and *what is more important*, incur a fine of half-a-crown;" Then there is one about the forceful Master of the Meath Hounds, the despotic John Watson, a man of imposing figure, fine voice and tremendous language, who awed his field, and who spared neither age nor sex. But one day he met his match in the Hon'ble. Mrs. Dewhurst. He considered she had broken some law of the hunting field and turned to her and bellowed "Woman! Go home," to which she replied, "Go home yourself, you damned son of a bald-headed Carlow onion."

This is a pleasant, friendly readable book which will give great enjoyment to all who love Ireland and the Irish people.

COLLECTIONS AND ADDITIONS

By Richard Church.

POEMS. 1904-1936. Lord Gorell. *Murray.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

COLLECTED WORKS. Isaac Rosenberg. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A FURTHER RANGE, by Robert Frost. *Cape.* 5*s.*

Sooner or later the time comes in a poet's career when he feels that he must make the bid for immortality take some concise expression. A few poets lack the courage or the political sense, and leave that decisive gesture to be made by their literary executors. But in their lifetime they often suffer for this temerity, and are given no definite place in the Pantheon. Swinburne is an example, Had he put out a "Collected Edition" he would have known more definitely the extent of his own achievement, and what value posterity was likely to put on his work.

Now Lord Gorell has faced up to this excruciating self-examination. He has taken stock of his out-put of verse during the last thirty years, and put it forth in a volume of some six hundred pages. His verse is too well-known to need discussion in a short notice here. The most striking quality in this life-work is its unity and continuity of mood and idea. This poet has had his troubles and doubts, and they find expression in many poems dark with misery; but nevertheless, the general tone of his work, from youth to age, is one of faith and serenity, tempered by a personal shyness that sometimes impedes the rhythm of his verse, but more frequently gives it a delicacy quite out of fashion in these days of literary violence. Twelve years ago Lord Gorell wrote a long poem called *Daybreak*, a soliloquy by St. Teresa. It contains a passage which may be quoted as an index to this poet's revelation of his life-history.

". . . . . These many years
Have I in wonder heard my girlhood's thought,
Revisiting me like the cadence of a song
At once familiar and so far away
That, old and new, the notes are now made one
Insensibly entwining in the mind,
And known it truth, yet but the smallest part
Of all since opened to the world as truth
A faint reflection as within a pool
Sleeps the sun's glory."

That "revisiting" may be the secret of this poet's singular unity of texture his tendency to monocrome and monotone, the verse smoothed by the constant re-examination of the thought which has been "insensibly entwining in the mind" during a life which the poet has kept inviolable from the shock and accidents of experience.

What a contrast in personality we find from the verse and letters of Isaac Rosenberg, who was killed at twenty-eight during the last year of the war! Here is a spirit seething and turgid with youthful revolt and enquiry. Most of his verse is in consequence filled with convulsive movement, generalized and youthfully private statement, a furious attempt to reconcile "lust and love" and to restate the struggle

philosophically in terms of race and culture, Jew and aesthete.

The result is a fragmentary opus; nothing which the critic could pick upon as finished verse, or a perfect lyrical expression. To my ear, Rosenberg rarely sustains a passage for long without a rhythmic slackening, the verse sagging beneath the burden of thought and feeling. But always there shines through the work a lurid strength, a sense of consciousness groping for equilibrium and a moral stance, such as we see in the cartoons of Frank Brangwyn. As an artist, Rosenberg was very much of the Slade School, and his verse has the same tendency toward large, cosmic cartoon effects, with the figures always symbolic and even allegorical, always battling with larger-than-life burdens. As he says of the poet in general,

"The trouble of the universe is on his wonder-travelled eyes.
Ah, vain for him the starry quest, the spirit's wistful sacrifice."

It was so in his case. That "starry quest" made his youthful work much resemble the paintings of G. F. Watts. What would he have evolved out of this huge ambition of spirit? His letters suggest that a change and a crystallization were already coming; but then they ceased, for the war claimed him "and caught him in a cage of earth."

Robert Frost, after his collected works remains the same poet of a wry, quince-like flavour. His *Further Range* will be just as enjoyable as his previous work, and I think it needs no advertisement. Swift, laconic, ironical, with surprising flashes of lyrical poignancy, he will remind the reader once more that here is a poet who has had considerable influence on English as well as American verse during the last quarter of a century.

DEFOE, by James Sutherland. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

THERE *is* a conspiracy not to know about the life of Defoe—Mr. Sutherland agrees with Mrs. Woolf. It is a conspiracy of children and ex-children who want to bury away out of sight the disappointing fact that Robinson Crusoe was not really Robinson Crusoe. There can be no other explanation of the fact that in an age when the literary biography is suffering from over-production, when the merest compilers of library catalogues are given a Problem Years period, there has been till this year no definitive biography of Defoe.

The students and lecturers have had their Defoe text-books, of course. There is the "English Men of Letters" life, but it belongs to very early times before indexes and documentation. Then there is Defoe in the *History of the English Novel*, round about Vol. IV. But Baker is Baker, and the fixing of Defoe into his exact position in the Novel of Shipwreck or the plotting of his curve in the progress chart of picaresque fiction, though truly interesting, leaves Defoe himself nebulous. A more important exception is the big French life by Paul Dottin, with full interesting detail and a fine bibliography at the end. But though this exists in translation one has the impression that it is not very available. Now at last comes Professor Sutherland, and so by the greatest good luck the subject is as well treated as it is imaginatively chosen.

It is lucky, because anybody can make something of a life of Defoe. There are the picturesque events, the Fire, the Plague, Monmouth's Rebellion, contact with King William, business adventure, bankruptcy, the beginnings of "eye-witness" journalism, and so on. And there are the fascinating problems, the literary problem of Defoe, the paradox of a great writer who refused to conform either to the literary characteristics of his century, or to literary notions of the unworldly behaviour proper to great writers.

Johnson said that no man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money; yet even the most commercial writers usually indulge themselves in some little side elegancies or literary allusions the aim of which they at any rate imagine to be self-expressive rather than monetary. But Defoe never seems to waver, never once, from the sole and simple motive of writing what he was most likely to sell. So far from taking pride in being "among the English prose writers," he makes no reference to their works nor even to their translations, except the better known parts of the Bible. His style in fact, as Mr. Sutherland suggests, is almost unique in that it is the language of the spoken rather than of the written word, and has little connection with the majestic processes of English prose style.

These are a few of the interests and problems to be examined in Mr. Sutherland's long and absorbing Life. The author's sensitiveness has kept him clear of all the dangers. It would have been so easy to fall into a knowing, neo-Strachey manner when dealing with such a strongly "human-side" man as Defoe. Or Defoe's later eccentricity and crustiness might have led to misplaced psycho-pathological research into his earliest years, since the records here are rather dark, Defoe having been born in a century when, as Mr. Sutherland observes, "it was not properly understood that nothing important happens to one after the age of four." Or there might have been some whitewashing of Defoe, with defence of his too lengthy flats and moralisations or of his subservience to the eighteenth century notions of the Pathetick. But Mr. Sutherland's word for this fault in Defoe is just and clarifying. "If laughter can be coarse and delicate, so can tears": and it not so very rarely happens that the tears in Defoe are of this poorer quality.

Mr. Sutherland is objective without being judicial, and with an emphasis here, and a clearing away there, makes us feel as if we ourselves were discovering Defoe's secret. That he was a mere money-maker—that would have no meaning. But the approach may be to think of him as very intensely a tradesman. A man with something like an artist's apprehension of the value of goods, and an artist's rather than a business man's interest in the economics of their distribution—whether roof-tiles, wine, secret information, foreign news, or novels.

STEPHEN POTTER.

T. E. LAWRENCE by His Friends. *Cape.* 15*s.*

THIS book has 595 pages. One feels no inclination to skip as much as a single line; indeed, one reads also between the lines, and would gladly have another 600 pages. For almost all the eighty-one contributors are inspired by the subject, and each new chapter throws out new light in the most remarkable way. I confess to having laid down this volume feeling that it is one of the most valuable ever printed about one of the highest men who ever lived. And if it is true that the reading of a book can be an active experience, changing the reader, it is true of this book.

A review of so complex a subject in a short space is clearly ruled out. This much can be said: opening the book in ignorance of Lawrence one closes it knowing him better than anyone alive or dead and better than he knew himself. He did not know himself—that was his great difficulty. He couldn't make himself out, and this maddened him. So, after his Arabian adventure he failed and died.

Studying Lawrence, one feels that he was too great in character and too overburdened with different talents to find a new goal. It seems that he was really finished and that in drinking the opium of speed it was only a question of time before he killed himself. But, advancing through the book, one begins to wobble in this fatal view and to feel that his death was a mere accident and that he might yet have saved the world. Henry Williamson tells how he came to the view that if

only Lawrence—a vessel of dynamite and goodness—could meet Hitler, there might be peace in Europe. He conveyed this conviction to Lawrence. "Come and see me at once, wet or fine," was the immediate telegraphed reply—as if he had suddenly seen a goal and felt his power. But on his way back from the Post Office he was killed.

As it stands, in the eye of history it will be impossible for him to appear supreme as a man of Action since he could not believe in his activity and follow it up; nor supreme as a man of Letters since he could not believe in his writing and follow it up. It was as a character that he was supreme. On every showing he subdued all who made contact with him by the power of *goodness*. His virtue was so great that it gave offence to none. Its influence has not perished with him. I never knew him. I know him now. He is my friend. The thought of him fills me with hope and with faith.

Winston Churchill's essay is perhaps the most beautiful; Eric Kennington's is the deepest. The words from Raymond Savage, writing humbly on his business footing, speak for all—"Almost any tribute to T.E. would fall below his actual worth and this poor effort of mine is the most difficult thing I have ever written in my life. Like all really great men, such as our mutual chief Allenby, he was simple and sincere to a degree; he was a generous and magnificent friend, and in his Christ-like character supreme."

J. S. COLLIS.

GREAT BRITAIN FACES GERMANY by A. L. Kennedy. *Jonathan Cape* London. pp.193. *5s. net.*

INNUMERABLE bad and very few good books have been published about the Third Realm. Mr. Kennedy's is one of the few good ones.

The problem of Anglo-German reconciliation is *the* European problem. Unless it is solved, there can be no European unity and the menace of a general European war will remain.

Mr. Kennedy has wrestled with this problem, he has thought about it deeply, persistently, and very personally. His book is the product of a genuine inner conflict, of a constant reaching out after what might be and ought to be and of an unflinching contemplation of what is. He is a severe and yet a generous critic. He tries to give Germany the benefit of every doubt—but when the doubt becomes a certainty, he states that certainty in clear, downright terms.

His summing up of the case for and against Versailles is a very fine piece of work. He shows that, despite its weaknesses, the Treaty could hardly have been anything but what it was. His chief criticism of Anglo-French policy is that it has missed the chances of revision and so allowed circumstance or Hitler to take (with disastrous psychological effect) what might have been given (with loss to none and gain to all).

The three big mistakes made by Anglo-French statesmanship are, in Mr. Kennedy's opinion, the suppression of the Austro-German customs union, the failure to make an end of reparations when Mr. Hoover provided the opportunity, and the refusal to accept Hitler's offer to limit armaments (Hitler declared, amongst other things, that Germany would be satisfied with an army of 300,000 men). All three mistakes were mainly French—but Great Britain was an accessory, mainly through weakness and lack of understanding.

Mr. Kennedy rightly thinks that the Anglo-German naval agreement was a piece of sound policy.

He is unsparing in his analysis of "Hitlerism" and of the "Hun spirit." He seems to think there is still time for "a just and honourable settlement." If Hitler will not accept it, he writes, "we must be ready to face war . . . . If the Nazi system is to be made a scourge to humanity, we must oppose it to the end, as we opposed Napoleon until his power to do harm was at an end."

But what is "a just and honourable settlement?" Here, in the opinion of the present reviewer, Mr. Kennedy fails. He fails nobly and, no doubt inevitably. He proposes that Germany be made a partner with Great Britain and France in Africa. There is much to be said for and against such a proposal and Mr. Kennedy does not shirk the difficulties. But the colonial problem is, for Germany, a very minor problem—it is a minor problem even of Anglo-German relations. Great Britain still stands for everything the Third Realm hates and in the way of everything it wants, not so much in Africa as in Europe and in the world as a whole.

The destiny of the Third Realm has got to work itself out. Great Britain has to be strong, above everything else, and to gain time. The problem of Anglo-German relations cannot be solved by any proposals made now—or, next year. A strong and yet generous and understanding attitude in this country is no solution—but, apart from being a necessity in itself, it is the only possible basis for a solution that must be found, or must find itself, some day.

This is not saying that Mr. Kennedy's proposal is a bad one. But it only touches the fringe of the problem.

The Western democracies and Germany have different standards of right and wrong. That is why what would seem like "a just and honourable settlement" in London and Paris would not seem so in Berlin. The tragedy of Europe is that there is no common ethic left—and therefore no basis for a settlement. The problem is but incidentally economic—it is, in a last analysis, moral and religious.

But perhaps Mr. Kennedy's little book is no more than a preliminary grappling with the problem. Perhaps he will grapple with it again—but doubtless he is doing so all the time. But perhaps he will, some day, give us another book, *the* book on Anglo-German relations. No one is better qualified for this great task than he is.

F. A. VOIGT.

SAILING AND CRUISING, by K. Adlard Coles. *Batsford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE YACHTSMAN'S ENGLAND, by Frank Carr. *Seeley Service.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

THE MAGIC OF THE SWATCHWAYS, by Maurice Griffiths. *Arnold.* 6*s.*

TEN SMALL YACHTS, by Maurice Griffiths. *Arnold.* 6*s.*

As a hater of hard knocks, in a family that carried their bruises like banners, how I should have loved Mr. Adlard Coles for his "Sailing and Cruising," if the book could have come my way in the days when it was assumed that we were all equally devoted to the sea. ("Best way to learn what a gybe is—get a few cracks on the head with the boom"). To refuse to sail at all would have required more moral courage than I have ever possessed, but at least he could have rendered the process less painful. He holds by the theory, unwelcome to those who believe in the three-reef-breeze as a teacher, that you might just as well know beforehand, if you intend to sail, what you will have to do and why you will have to do it. The instructions he gives cover everything from dinghy-handling to coastal navigation, and are illustrated with excellent diagrams and pictures. Only occasionally does the desire to be helpful outway the discretion essential to the practical writer. There is a portrait of the well-filled seat of a yachtsman's shorts, outlined against some indeterminate gear, labelled "Before Coiling Down: a Close-up of the Foredeck and Fittings of a small Cruiser." If the cruiser was really small—there is not enough showing at the edges of the picture to tell—that particular sailor must have found it inconvenient, and alone of all his troubles, this potential difficulty of the amateur is not dealt with in the text. An admirable volume: it gave me a slight nostalgic headache.

There is no headache in "The Yachtsman's England," for either you will read it all and love it or you will stop at the end of the second paragraph.

"Why," said Richard, as he put down his mug of 'Old and Mild' with an air of satisfied devotion, "do you choose to begin your 'Yachtsman's England' with the rivers?"

I took the proferred fill, stuffing the golden-brown sweet-smelling shreds into the blackened bowl; and not until I had my battered bulldog properly alight, and had enjoyed the first few whiffs of glorious, day-dreaming smoke, did I give him answer. "I think," said I, "that it is because my own sailing began on a river. First impressions if they be the impressions of youth often last when others, not less forceful at the time, have faded."

A man with such leisured command of the subjunctive, in the course of a sporting chat, is not likely to be flurried by any emergencies at sea. I am sure Mr. Frank Carr is a superb sailorman, and others, as devoted, will, enjoy his views and experiences puffing their battered bulldogs in sympathy. There are eight really lovely photographs, supplied by various people. One of them is called "Of all amusements give me yachting."

This incredible view is also held by Mr. Maurice Griffiths, whose publishers are re-issuing two of his books in a cheaper edition. But held how differently! He writes entertainingly, mostly of his mistakes, and that not in order to let you avoid them, but because he had such a rare good time in making them. Sailing the same water as I did, he comes cheerfully to grief in circumstances which I avoided with shameful competence—my one desire to make the swiftest possible passage and so get off the sea. Yet the odd thing is that he, writing of swatchways and leaking decks and being becalmed in the channel on a sickening swell—when all eternity seems to await your misery—he alone can give me a faint nostalgia that is not in the least headachy. God and time forbid that I shall ever handle a small boat again: but I will read with pleasure whenever he writes about one.

E. Arnot Robertson.

AFTER MANY DAYS, by Frank Fletcher. *Robert Hale.* 12*s.* 6*d. net.*

When Mr. (now Sir Frank) Fletcher announced in chapel on a February morning of 1935 that he proposed to retire from the headmastership of Charterhouse the psalm which immediately followed happened to contain these words: "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth for evermore!" Fletcher after his education amid the boisterous simplicities of Rossall and under Jowett at Balliol, taught at Rugby and Marlborough—and the sketches that he gives us of those whom he encountered there are works of art comparable with Epstein's bust of himself. Wit and wisdom abound in these pages. "Boys teach one another far more," says Sir Frank, "than their masters teach them;" but on the question of a headmaster himself teaching he has, as on many other subjects, decided and very interesting views. This book should be read by all serious educationists and less serious persons will treasure it for the wealth of anecdote and the delightful asides, to say nothing of its grand, tolerant humanity. Most of it, naturally, deals with Charterhouse, for Sir Frank held that headmastership for no less than twenty-five years, and all Carthusians will be grateful for the reminiscences of T. E. Page, the magnificent "Duck" and other outstanding figures. No doubt Sir Frank refrains from saying much about his predecessor Haig-Brown, because stories of that famous man have circulated far and wide. He mentions that the doctor, reputed to know all his boys by name, was told by Dr. Warre of Eton that he, for his part, had no such pretension. "But," he added, "they all know me," which, as Sir Frank observes, is much more important. Let us here tell of a tribute that was paid to the very motherly and corpulent Mrs. Haig-Brown. She had heard that an Old Carthusian, curate in the East End of London, was ailing and she had him down for two or three weeks in the bracing air of Charterhouse; when he

departed—he was not what you would call a man of the world—he in a burst of gratitude informed her that he had often heard of the milk of human kindness, but hitherto had never met the cow. We are told the inner story of how the new chapel, the finest war memorial in England, came to be built; the cost, it appears, was £70,000, whereas in a period when money went further the late Walter Morrison told me that the chapel at Giggleswick had cost him about £80,000. True, it is much more ornate, but it is smaller and less dignified. What can be more constructive than the work of a headmaster? The moulding of public opinion in the School, encouraging this, discouraging that, steering a path amid tradition and innovation—and then to tell us of it modestly and with humour, that is what Sir Frank has done. He mentions three Belgian boys who during the war were attached to his house and who came in daily on bicycles from a village six miles away, where homes had been found for their parents. They could speak no English when they arrived, but they settled in with surprising quickness. One evening, after three weeks at the school, they came home hoarse and almost voiceless from shouting at a house match. Their parents were surprised and a little horrified; the boys tried to explain to them that it was all quite natural and reasonable: "*Tu ne comprends pas, Maman, c'est notre maison, c'est notre maison.*"

HENRY BAERLEIN.

"THE TRAGEDY OF NIJINSKY," by Anatole Bourmann. *Robert Hale.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The life-story of the dancer Nijinsky is a genuine theme for dramatic tragedy, fascinating in every detail both to those who count themselves "balletomanes" and to all others interested in human character and destiny.

The three phases of the life are complete in their contrasts. In the years of his studentship in Petersburg he was abjectly poor, and not a little despised, as this book tells us. There followed the years of blazing European success when—whether or not he was "immortal" and a "giant genius" (terms in which the book abounds, and which are exaggerated enough to take away the dignity of the subject)—he at least made a supreme name for himself, and ranked justly as one of the most significant artists of the particular age. Then the years of growing persecution-mania (also perhaps ego-mania), madness and extinction.

The story of Nijinsky's life has been told twice already in English, by his wife Romola, and also by Mr. Arnold Haskell in his study of "Diaghilev" The new book, "*The Tragedy of Nijinsky*, by the dancer Anatole Bourmann, a close friend of Nijinsky's for most of the years of his life, was apparently written and had appeared in America before either of the above works. As it now appears for the first time over here, it is only fair to ask what new it has got to say.

Its chief advantage is the light that it throws on Nijinsky's youth and early training. Bourmann entered the Imperial Ballet School at St. Petersburg with Nijinsky at the age of nine—and the account given of Nijinsky's treatment at that remarkable institution is enough to have sown the seeds (though the author makes remarkably little of this point) of Nijinsky's later madness.

The Imperial School in its great days was open to children of all ranks indiscriminately, provided they possessed only two things, physical beauty and aptitude for the dance. Sons of rich and even aristocratic families entered on the same terms as poor children—and Poles. Nijinsky suffered from every disdavantage. He was extraordinarily slow-witted, examinations—in every subject except dancing, "were a constant nightmare to him,"; but, worst of all, he was desperately poor and a Pole.

The immediate contrast at the end of his studentship was wide enough to turn the head of the most level-minded boy. It would be reasonable to suppose that he became swollen-headed. Bourmann, speaking as his best friend, admits that he became unrecognizable.

The story of the rest of the book has been told for the most part better elsewhere. The author's enthusiasm spoils his sense of proportion. It is unfortunate to talk in terms that suggest Nijinsky as " the greatest dancer of all time "—for no one, unless born at the Flood and granted immortality, has the faintest idea who the greatest dancer of all time was—nor of the " greatest " actor or actress. The " Spectre de la Rose " is described as " his mightiest spectacle." If the wrong word can be found, the author usually manages to find it; the " Spectre de la Rose," enchanting in its grace and loveliness, is almost anything in the world but " mighty." And for an example of how English, without being actually made incorrect, can be made intolerable, I quote at random, " Drigo directed an orchestra of one hundred and twenty pieces which provided a classical fare fit for the most discriminating connoisseur . ."

But for its early part, and also for some anecdotes of the later American tours when M. Bourmann had a closer view of Nijinsky than most other people, the book remains valuable.

HUBERT GRIFFITH.

CRADLE OF LIFE, by Louis Adamic. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d. net.*

IT will be remembered that a previous book by Louis Adamic, the American author of Slovene origin, was prohibited in Yugoslavia on account of his outspoken criticism of King Alexander, who was then on the throne. If Franz Ferdinand had not suffered Alexander's fate and were now on the Austro-Hungarian throne this book would certainly not be allowed to circulate in his realm. Adamic in his overflowing sympathy with the under-dog is not always fair to this Archduke; that Franz Ferdinand was bigoted is very true—one may see that today by a visit to his bedroom in the Bohemian Castle of Konopicht—but no allusion is made to his Slav inclinations, his theory of Trialism (dividing the Dual Monarchy into German, Magyar and Slav spheres), which as Adamic is himself a Slav is rather strange. This long book in the form of a novel is more of a fanciful historical treatise, with the hero, who tells the story, a supposed son of the ill-fated Crown Prince Rudolf and a young Countess. The aged Emperor makes an appearance—we are informed that his evening meal consists of cold meat, day-old bread and warmed milk; we are given good descriptions of life in the average Croatian castle and of the miserable existence of the peasants. What a pity that Stefan Radic, their great champion, could not be introduced. We could, for a picture of him, have spared a good deal of the padding. There is less of Slav folk-lore than in the Slovene episodes of " The Native's Return;" such passages as that of the cat-tails preventing the devil from interfering with the fertility of the pear-trees make us ask for more, but Adamic insists on leading us down the palace path.

H.B.

THE TRIAL, by Franz Kafka. Trans. by Willa & Edwin Muir. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

KING WREN, by Heinrich Mann. Trans. by Eric Sutton. *Chatto & Windus.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE SWIFT SHADOW, by L. A. G. Strong. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

SALLY LUNN, by Leo Walmsley. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Trial is a remarkable book, difficult to read and difficult to review; and that has decided its fate with reviewers. They tend to dislike—you may have noticed—books which leave a trace in the memory, not unnaturally, since they read far too much and the sooner a book can be forgotten the better. Kafka does not add to one's peace of mind, or make it easier to write articles. For

several weeks he has obsessed me a little. I have puzzled over him, I have carried his books about with me, and they have made a lasting impression. He conveys an essential experience—I can think of no other novelist who has done that so exclusively since Proust. His method is fantasy. One might say that he combines the wounded sensibility of an Anderson with the spiritual curiosity and adult intelligence of a Dostoevsky. *The Trial* is *Crime and Punishment* written by a man to whom human contact is intolerable. This cripples him as a novelist in the usual sense of the term—you must not look for " real " people or a lifelike chain of events in his books—but the very disability makes him drive his imagination with singular force and direction in the way he knows ; conscience, God, the inner necessity of our lives—these he probes with deep understanding. Moreover his invention is of the highest order, and, though many of his creations are bizarre, they have an imaginative as well as a psychological or spiritual justification. The adventures of K., the hero of *The Trial*, though grotesque, are tragic. He is arrested one morning on an unstated charge ; he can go about his business, but at regular intervals he must appear before the court which is to decide his fate. As the story advances, the possibility of acquittal and even of learning the charge, becomes more and more remote. Somewhere, on earth or in heaven, a charge has been brought, a judgment will descend. We experience with extraordinary intensity the emotions of the saint stricken like Job, the ascetic who discovers in himself some mysterious and fatal illness, the man avid of the ideal whose conscience will not let him rest. One night he is taken out from his lodgings and murdered. Yet the effect of this strange injustice is not negative but curiously affirmative of life as Kafka knows it.

" God's most deep decree
Bitter would have me taste ; my taste was me."

Perhaps that is the central point of Kafka's art. A mysterious wit, monotonous, obsessed and in places even morbid ; but to anyone who has read *The Trial* or his earlier novel *The Castle* with imaginative understanding, Kafka must remain one of the most important as well as one of the most puzzling of modern writers.

The three other novels listed above seem trivial by comparison. Yet *King Wren* is an exceptionally solid and brilliant historical novel, which even those who prefer their history ungarnished may enjoy. It deals with the youth of Henry of Navarre, the struggle against Catherine de Medici in the French Court, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew ; and against the fantastic splendours and squalor of the sixteenth-century setting — suggesting an aristocratic gangsterdom—the chief figures are shrewdly depicted. Herr Mann lays on his colour — heavens, how it is slapped on !—but if you can accept his fundamentally sensational view of the past, it is an exciting and credible picture.

Mr. Strong's *The Swift Shadow* gives a dramatic account of Cornish village life and superstition in the eighties. Except for the period, it suggests the humours of an Eden Philpotts novel with a more lowering landscape and an added streak of human cruelty. How unassailably individual those Cornishmen are, how they talk and love and crack heads ; The climax is reached with a snowstorm of really epic intensity (even the weather, we feel, is not what it was)—admirably described. The love-story in the book rather unaccountably falls off towards the end ; otherwise it is good story. One feels something of the same invincibility in Mr. Walmsley's fishermen of the present day—but their trade has been spoiled, the lifeboat is out of date, the talkies have come in and survival seems doubtful. There are some good descriptions of the sea. These three novels deserve a little more space than I have been able to give them but a book like *The Trial* only comes once in ten years.

G. W. Stonier.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our Contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY *public.*

A generation has grown up since the shots of Serajevo fired the train of European war. To-day, twenty-three years later, the slightest spark may kindle another, infinitely more devastating conflagration. THE FORTNIGHTLY therefore, cannot but devote constant attention to affairs abroad.

Pertinax who surveys this month the dismal European scene needs no introduction to any student of international affairs. His mordant comment on anything that savours of sentimentalism and " softness " in the sphere of foreign policy has for many years made the *Echo de Paris* the most lively and pertinent of French newspapers. No friend of the League or of British policy so long as either were cradled in illusions, he has, nevertheless, always been a staunch champion of fruitful Anglo-French collaboration. With regard to the non-intervention expedient and the Spanish civil war he has been untiring in his insistence on the deeper issues of Great Power politics, not to speak of international law and morality —which, indeed, at last seem to be emerging to place the Spanish civil war in perspective. Pertinax (André Geraud) was formerly London correspondent for his paper, and there is little about the sinews of British foreign policy which he does not know.

Kenneth Williams, who discusses and commends the desperate expedient of partition for Palestine, and **Sir William Barton,** are acknowledged authorities on their subjects. Kenneth Williams has contributed a number of articles to our pages. The author of a book on *Ibn el Sa'ud*, he has special knowledge of the Arab peoples, and lived for some time in the various countries of the Middle East. He is now Editor of *Great Britain and the East.*

Sir William Barton, K.C.S.I., has had a distinguished career in the Indian Political Department, i.e., that section which, prior to the new Federal regime, had charge of the relations of the Imperial Government with the Indian Princes. From 1919—1930 he was Resident successively in Baroda, Mysore and Hyderabad.

William C. Atkinson, also an old contributor, is Stevenson Professor of Spanish at the University of Glasgow. His wanderings in the Peninsula have naturally extended to Portugal, and he has recently returned from a visit to the quatercentenary celebrations of the University of Coimbra which coincided with the eleventh anniversary of the *Estado Novo* so gallantly contrived by Senhor Salazar.

A. Morgan Young is a notable overseas editor who has spent twenty-four years in Tokio, first as assistant then (from 1923) as editor of the *Japan Chronicle.* Owing to his journalistic integrity he had many a passage-of-arms with the authorities, and, when he came to London on leave early this year he found himself denied the regulation permit to return to Tokio.

Miss H. du Coudray is a historian with special knowledge of the diplomatic world in the XIXth century. Her book on *Metternich*, published in 1935, was very well received.

In the way of non-political articles we give prominence this month to the subject of Television, the technique of which is still Greek to the ordinary layman. **G. R. M. Garratt** is in charge of the radio department at the Science Museum, South Kensington. After taking an honours degree at Cambridge he was apprenticed to Metropolitan Vickers Ltd. (Manchester) and subsequent.y held research appointments, previous to his selection as Assistant Keeper of the Science Museum in 1934.

Professor T. H. Pear is head of the Department of Psychology in the University of Manchester. He has from the first realized the immense possibilities of broadcasting pithy articles in the *Radio Times*, and the attitude of academic *confrères* has stimulated him to some diverting reflections on the functions of the modern university.

A. Trystan Edwards is a characteristi " English " figure (he happens to b Welsh) who combines taste and wide knowledge of architecture an town planning with a peculiar sympath for the " small folk." As an Abl Seaman during the Great War h garnered precious memories which wer harvested in his social study of th lower deck *Three Rows of Tape* published in 1929. But he is bes known as the author of *Good and Ba Manners in Architecture* (1924). H began his career as an articled pupi of Sir Reginald Blomfield.

Professor R. F. Treharne, who write a critical commentary on the lates contribution to military history fro the skilful pen of Hilaire Belloc, is distinguished mediævalist, now holdin the Chair of History at the Universit College of Wales, Aberystwyth.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

announces for

SEPTEMBER, 1937

PEACE AND CHANGE

By the Right Hon. The Earl of Lytton, K.G.

That " Change is the law of life " is a truism constantly repeated. And, clearly, if international peace is to reflect realities, provision for an international technique of peaceful change is indispensable. What manner of procedure we must look for, and how it is to be correlated with the quest for international security—these are the two problems with which Lord Lytton will deal in an important contribution.

SEASIDE DELIGHT ***By L. A. G. Strong***

L. A. G. Strong, best known for his fiction writings, turns aside to express some of the feelings of the inarticulate Englishman towards the element by which our island race is girt around. He also has something to say of the qualities and shortcomings of the seaside resorts of this country.

A contributor who knows Germany intimately will tell us something of the shifts and stratagems inside Germany which will *not* be discussed at the Nuremberg Congress of the National Socialist party.